

THE EXORCIST



75¢

No. 22

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Behind the Scenes of "THE EXORCIST" and Exclusive Interview with Director BILL FRIEDKIN. Plus: Critical Analyses.

CASTLE of **FRANKENSTEIN**

LINDA BLAIR
As The Devil-Possessed
Child in
THE EXORCIST



DEMON

Back Cover
Mini-Poster



INTERVIEW
WITH
**PETER
CUSHING**







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CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Volume 6, No. 2 (whole no. 22), 1978. Published bi-monthly by Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 108 Pitts Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Contents are prohibited by the International Literary Convention and regulations, and all rights are strictly reserved. Nothing may be reprinted without publisher's permission. Article & Art **CONTRIBUTIONS** are indeed wanted, but should be accompanied by sufficient postage and envelope.

Printed in Canada.

THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Just a short time ago, one of the most promising young filmmakers had lunch with a potential backer. "So what's the great film idea all about?" asked the financier.

The young filmmaker answered, "First off, the title alone is worth a fortune: **GODFATHERS MEET THE EXORCIST!**"

The backer grinned with restraint. "Nice, but how's the story?"

The young man exploded enthusiastically. "The time is the present. The Mafia has gone straight, into normal business, and the new Godfathers consist of fuel and oil syndicates, and a few other major operations, fronted by their personable stooges: the President and other politicians, etc., all pretending they're don't-rock-the-bait conservatives. But, suddenly, they all suffer a temporary reversal, flushed with power and fantastic wealth—after bleeding nearly everything and everyone bone dry—they're taken more nearly caught with their guard down and exposed. Just as subtle reaction is swinging very unfavorably against them, the Godfathers go into action: they set up fake "radical" movements composed of trained agents pretending to represent various movements and movements—gay, women's, black, white, Hispanic and so on. When the agent provocateurs succeed in making "change" and radicalism appear obvious and frightful, they've also fused public antagonism against them. Especially after the so-called Symbiote Liberation Army seems to "redeem" Little Orphan Annie from Daddy Warbucks. And even if the public attempted anything, it's too late: the provocateurs have succeeded, and the President places the whole country under total Martial Law."

"The story sounds good so far, but that last part seems blurred. How does Martial Law come about?"

"There's this long-hot-summer, see, so the gods start ripping off the ghosts, stirring up the bloodiest riots yet, see? So, now the President knows that not only can't they im-peach him, but his fond ambition of absolute dictatorship becomes a reality."

"Yet, but where does *The Exorcist* come in?"

"Max Von Sydow and Charlton Heston arrive, each carrying huge crosses, a Bible and holy water, they surprise a secret meeting of the Godfathers, with the President present. They reveal the crosses, sprinkle holy water all over, read the Bible, and all the evil deeds are exorcised. Then, dark, horrible shapes and demons are released from their bodies, like the things that flew out when Pandora opened the box."

"During this exorcism finale, have you planned on including much obscenity, vomiting, and other grossness?"

"No, not really, but sounds like a great idea, especially if you'll back me."

"Then count me in. How many million bucks did you say you wanted?"

CoFophem Blowing

What seemed but a passing remark in our last issue—namely some lavish praise of *CoF* is *AFI Report* (the American Film Institute's official organ)—has elicited the interest and curiosity of many readers. Not wishing to appear immodest, herewith is the substance of what was published in *AFI Report* about *CoF* (the first several paragraphs of the article establish the fact that proper research

Continued next page.



and study of film, especially the B picture and "grade Z" movies, is sadly lacking, or ignored, if not scoffed at, even by such "authorities" as Andrew Sarris, that even publications and books (the article mentions several of the best known) purportedly concerned with such research are very inadequate!

"The closest conveyance of fact and chronology afforded by a film periodical to date has been by *Final Shot*—Fred Thiels (Illustrated), a cousin to Forrest J Ackerman's perennial *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, a children's magazine. . . But only real competitor, the extensive *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, assumes the mantle of *Screen Thrills* and goes one step further by lending an eclectic and sense of plain talk unmatched by any other film magazine published."

(The above appeared in *AFI Report*, page 19, July, 1973.)

And as one more entry for the CoFagon: In the highly acclaimed and prestigious Spectrum Book film history series (\$2.45, Prentice-Hall), "Focus On The Horror Film" recommends only five magazines: three of them European (one now defunct), an American semi-promising (mostly available via subscription) and "Castle of Frankenstein." Hard to come by, but generally of a high quality."

Significantly, not one American program that's ever devoted itself to the SFentertainment genre is even listed.

Sorry that we have to shift several announced articles again. However, the timeliness and importance of this issue's section on THE EXORCIST necessitated this move, or else there would've been the Devil to pay!

But we do have director William Friedkin's exclusive interview with CoF in this issue—an unusual feat of journalism considering that practically every leading magazine was denied.

So—apologies to all, especially Abbie Horowitz who authored the excellent NOT OF THIS EARTH piece, who'll wait it out another 50 to 60 days for our ROGER CONNOR coverage and interview. But it'll be more than worth it, and... we guarantee it'll be a Gas Above all, it's about the man who made American international cinema from poverty-row Z-budget filmmaking to international prominence. In this inclusive interview, Connors not only provides important background info about his old AIP/SF/pastory film days but tells very candidly his own personal methods and explains his approach to filmmaking. Especially valuable is the way he "talks at" about his young and successful company, New World. Plus: Lots of behind-the-scenes info

and pics on FANTASTIC PLANET, distributed by the Corman organization.

No, we're not dropping Comic Book reviews, in case you're wondering why the Comic Book Council seems absent this issue. But since I was doing all of it, it began to be a problem due to the time it'll now involve putting out (hopefully) 6 or 7 CoF's a year. Also, being presently very disenchanted with the way comics look doesn't help me in controlling my cool. Certainly it's through no fault of Stan Lee's or Roy Thomas's that the Marvels cost \$26, have horrible layouts (they look like ad ads) and include few titles worth even the "old" \$36 price. They say that the DC management's morose attitude towards their lopsided Marvel's \$26, while DC imagines it has a terrific advantage by keeping to \$26—well, so far as equality goes, \$2 more or less won't stop anyone from buying a good mag! The sad fact is, regardless of what company is named, they're all turning out stinkers, are turning off readers with awful reprints and only have a few decent titles of the dozens published. Worse yet is that hardly any points are taken by any of these (except perhaps by Charlton, which also has the stigma of paying the lowest rates this side of Timbuhtu) to find and train more talent. Clearly, management is largely to blame, especially DC who have made lots of promises and noise for over two years but have very little to show. Particularly aggravating is that DC's "lookout" to hunt for new talent was totally mismanaged, if not ineptly handled—reports given to us by aspiring writers and artists seem to bear this out.

When DC announced it would keep a special "talent hunt" room open at NYCC's ComicCon last July, apparently it served no purpose. Several artists have said they either got "the bum's rush," a royal run-around or else knew less than ever. But the main gripe seems to be that nearly everyone got a hefty cold-shoulder deal. Encouragement? Even a hint of warmth or sense of fellowship? If even half the tales we've heard about the "DC Room" are true and indicative of what's happen-

ing, little wonder the whole industry seems on the brink of disaster.

What we do know about many talented young people, who'd like to break into the market, is that money is hardly of consequence but recognition is what they want. God's sake, some of these youngsters would work for beer! So, what in hell is the excuse for those abominable reprints flooding the field?

Yes, there are a hell of a lot of very talented Americans around—comprised need not have to look for. Obviously it's quite unnecessary for any of them to dupe themselves that there's big "baiting" by hiring foreign artists from the Philippines, Hong Kong or elsewhere, while most of them are excellent illustrators, they tend to overlap in style and, eventually, bore by looking alike. Comics require more people like Kaluta, Wright, Adams, Sterling, Jeff Jones, Shuster and the several others who kept the entire industry from total collapse. As I said, most of the overseas artists range from free to great—especially if you like fashion designing and certain forms of black illustration. The majority, though, aren't good for comic books.

This was supposed to be an issue of CoF sans anything about comics, right? Anyhow, Comics Reviews will remain. Right now we're looking over a couple of people who'd like to do them. Anyone else who feels he'd like to answer the call, please get in touch.

Which is as good a point to mention that... THE TALENT HUNT never ended and is still going on in CoF. Anyone with a yen for research, interviewing "names" and with other ideas, please feel free to write directly to me.

Before wrapping the column and getting into another round of Letters—I wish to thank all of you for continuing to show such interest in CoF. Especially those of you who send in reports on areas that sold CoF poorly in the past (but now doing better, etc.), raising hell with negligent dealers, or showing proper missionary zeal by converting others into CoF-fellers.

—Caher Z. Rock



Space is so tight this issue, we forgot our usual Letters address listing, which is:
309 5th Ave., New York, NY 10017

Dear CTB:
February 21st was a momentous day for Tampa's SF/fantasy fanatics: your magazine finally appeared on our local newspaper. Before this time, one had to buy it in Miami. (Well, you know how it is with out-of-state deliveries these days. . . etc.)

THE PASHA OF TAMPA BEY

Dear CTB:
February 21st was a momentous day for Tampa's SF/fantasy fanatics: your magazine finally appeared on our local newspaper. Before this time, one had to buy it in Miami. (Didn't I tell you all distribution is "steamy" impressive!) At one time you had to go to the map store to buy West to get CoF—with it. My dealer told me it was sold out in a matter of hours, which I hope proves something to unbelievers of your fine publication. Tampa itself is doing well in the film-

king business, with two horror films completed here within the last 12 months. One, SCREAM BLOODY MURDER, is only fair and will probably not get much exposure. It deals with a young recluse who sleeps with a department store dummy and becomes homicidal when his sister picks up a lover.

The other picture, IMPULSE, features William Shatner and Ruth Roman and was directed by Friedkin's own (el) Grell (STAR-LEVE). Shatner is very convincing as a psycho who tries to fleece rich women but turns back when his plans fail. The film will have a national release.

I am enclosing a dollar for a back issue. Please keep up the good work. Tampa is now your corner.

RAY NUNNE, P.O. Box 361, Tampa, Fla 33601.

STOVER THE RAINBOW

Dear CTB

Referring to CoF no. 29—I think you put and get down at Gothic really offend yourself. I enjoyed the conclusion of the Maryhausen interview, and I love your "TV Movie

guide." But this letter is mostly concerned with the sort about the musical-comedy satire of STAR TREK, on page 36. I was wondering if I could get a copy of the script used for this production. I am willing to pay for it. I have to. When I read the article and saw the photo you ran on it, I happened for more! Thanks, Carl. You've made a STAR TREK fan, Brooklyn, New Jersey!
MIKE RUSSO, 2828 Ocean Ave., Breezy Point, N.Y. 11028.

—Further info about the *STAR TREK* play will be gladly supplied by George Stone, P.O. Box 10065, Baltimore, Md. 21204. And, glad to hear of your love for *Star Trek*. Remember *Kear on Trekking*!—CTB.

BUCKLE UP! MEETS THE NORMAN

Dear Carl:
 I have this great idea to share with you. You know that in order to make a better DRACULA film, you have to change the good actor? [Especially while playing the good Count's life, age and in a wife—etc.]. Chris Lee is great, but he looked too much like Humphrey Bogart. Any moment I expect to hear Dooley to start singing "As Time Goes By." The state of California has a lot of money for credibility. With Lugosi, it's even worse. He looks like Howard Cosell! It's bad enough to sit thru a Dracula picture waiting for Ingrid Bergman, but for Clancy Davis! Really, it's a little too much.

Yes, we need a new actor, and I already have made my choice: William P. Buckley. If you have ever seen him on tv, you'll know he is the man for the job. All those dramatic looks and the flashing smile, the tongue always flicking his lips, his pencil tapping his teeth, and the other trademarks he so widely uses in front of the camera. [Not to mention behind it, because—etc.]. An added advantage would be that we could announce as a sequel "Dracula Meets Mya Breckinridge," which will include the famous fight scene he had with Gore Vidal in 1986.

If anyone's interested, I'll tell further about my plans for a remake of THE WOLF MAN starring Norman Mailer.
AGRIANA I. PENNA, 26 South 3rd St., Lemhain, Pa. 17633.

—You found me a perfect candidate to help me make a production. I'd like to film called "THE SHROUGES." It starts with the Shrogues as three state governors, invited by the President for a secret weekend summit sex orgy conference. Each time Nixon says, "... Perfect dear," the Shrogues get drunk and fall and a lamp or gun on fire, finally putting him into a hospital coma. Mor takes his place, runs the country better, and no one can tell the difference—no assassination, by the way, plays a double role, and also appears in Henry Kissinger. Of course, the entire story is the notorious billionaire oil stock, Paul Anhalt, he discovers the world's biggest oil deposit underneath Central Park, turns the Empire State Bldg into a retirement, and declares Mao hidden a new sheikdom. Pfaf, though, is driven away by a mysterious alien in a flying saucer, who is played by Charlton Heston, who then directs the winners of New York City and leads the Brooklynites to a crowded land in New Jersey. I'd like Carl to decline to direct, but unfortunately he's dead right now.—CTB.

SHORT AND SWEET

Dear Carl:
 I recently saw a very suspenseful film titled THE SINGLE GIRLS. What impressed me most about the film was a beautiful, talented actress named Cheri Howell, who played She-Don. I'd be extremely grateful if someone could give me the address of this performer.
ROBERT LEWIS, Rt. 1, Hickory, Ohio 43025.

Dear CTB:

I'm wondering if you are ever going to write an article on the King of the martial arts, super star Bruce Lee. Many people would be pleased to see an article in the Chinese Super Star. If you do it buy two copies at a time of Coif any day.
DARREN MASTERSON, 84 Cherry St., Ayrton, Ont., Canada.

Dear Carl:

Coif no. 21 was wonderful, and I have since info regarding a few things in there. On page 51 "Doctor Death" was announced, but it was being nationally released and known as MA HOUSE. And regarding the letter on page 53 about GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE: It was shown at the Island Theatre in Charlottesville, Virginia, along with GARDEN OF THE DEATH. STEVEN GULYEV, RD 2, Box 91, Luray, Del. 19556.

—We've considered a comparison tape to Coif for some time, one that would feature certain articles similar but not quite exactly like Coif's and a big one, featuring Bruce Lee and stuff on martial arts actors is now being planned, hopefully for our Magazine Unavailable, which may be out later this year. Further info on when and if this venture happens will be announced in Coif, of course, very in advance.
 —CTB

CHAN AN N'

Dear CTB:

I hope to see more mini-reviews and recollections on famous horror personalities. And, please do not forget to mention the many titles such as comic, reviews on The Swamp Movie, Electric Company, A Christmas Carol, etc. The Humphrey interview was very good. I would like a complete biography and commentary on the vampire CHARLIE CHAN writer I believe there were around 53 Chan films starring Warner Gland in the first group, then Sidney Tuten before and after 20th Century Fox took the rights to Monogram, and finally Roland Wright in the last six films for Monogram. I plan to overlook the late, great J. Carroll Nash who starred in a series—etc.).

I, too, naturally, really loved NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, and I like to know why it wasn't made in color, strange.

I've seen more than my share of Saturday-morning films, and my total so far is 436 reels. Of them all, Mario Soto's BLACK SABBATH, starring Boris Karloff, is the best and scariest of them all. Especially the first scary about the bed-ridden dead witch. That was enough to cause a heart attack! I've also enjoyed and thought about TALKS FROM THE CRYPT and ACHES AND PAINS.

There were several stories that start with N which seem to have been left out in Coif no. 20. THE NIGHT CALLER (1968), THE NIGHT MAN (1968), with John Cassin, and NIGHT OF THE LEPUS. Otherwise you did a very excellent and complete job.

Good luck and keep expanding your map all over the world.
RON MILLER, 217 Cannery St., West Lafayette, Ind. 47909.

—Not only is it for more expensive shooting in color but director George Nomura was working with an extremely tight budget and, perhaps the main reason NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD works so well is its black photography. It's also unfortunate that the general public is developing a one-track mind for horror, thanks mostly to the commercial drive-in (in charge of the TV industry—a film's financial "eye-catchers" they also often depends on TV sales. The little men who keep tight hold over accounting departments say: "It's gotta be in color to be good and the people watch it"—an ironic attitude as Peter Bogdanovich's great Award-nominated or winning blue boxoffice successes have proved. But if they continue making color films, using the inferior quality now in use (and already evident with many films seen on TV, etc.), it won't matter any how—no one will care watching films that look as if shot in Puke-Oreen, and everyone will prefer going to bed. Film entertainment, Space permitting, Joe Dante's excellent anti-corporate subject should be somewhere in this issue.

The film you thought were omitted from our N list had nice changes. Ron. NIGHT CALLER was re-released in 1987 as BLOOD BRASS FROM OUTER SPACE. NIGHT HAS EYES was re-titled TERROR HOUSE. AND NIGHT OF THE LEPUS was too recent for our TV Monoplane (though I suppose that nearly any

film under \$3 million is almost instant TV fodder these days), but did get reviewed in our general capsule listings.—CTB

RAW MEAT

Dear CTB:

Love that picture of lovely Diane Rigg on page 38 of Coif no. 21. This issue was superbly done as usual. As for Mr. Guerrero's letter regarding RAW MEAT—start! I feel it was all that great. Lots of fun for Guerrero, but the plot was nothing special, the typical teenagers snog around in stinky quarters as the villain lurks about. Then the girl is captured by Guerrero and goes thru a madhouse with the hero and the cops save the day. What set this one apart from other contenders was its well-done creepiness, nothing cheap in RAW MEAT except some of Donald Pleasence's humor.

Marvel Comics is cool but I hope not for good. I can still vividly recall those days of Kirby and Glee and the real Golden Age. Stan must be wishing when he says Marvel is better than ever—etc. Talk, if you will, the current TOMAR OF DEATH—Gene Colan art is rotten, the colors sickening. For people who like this kind of book, it's fine, but not at a quarter a buck. And TOD 21 must have 18 pages of story! Gotta be that, a Superman page with all ball about all of these current money-mad projects, a half-page on the price rise, letters and 12½ pages of ads (not counting 3 pages of cover ads). Frankly, I'm fed up. At least DC gives you a full 2½ pages of art and a letter page in most issues.

Once again, thank you for another fine issue of Coif.
STEVEN KELLS, Box 186, Tecumseh, Mich. 48859.

—Trouble with most big meg companies, such as Time Warner, etc., is that their business with aggressive advertising experience, much of which is just pure waste. Occasionally some large company topples and goes out of business, as was the case with such giants as Collier's. Look, life, etc. One of the reasons is that there may be too many people on a payroll, and too many chiefs but not enough sailors (one efficient worker could often replace 3 or 4 gold-bricks, for example). It's hard to prove any one's talent or ability, but it's a fact that a play needs and branches—especially when it's a large corporation and not just a free.

That may explain why most amateur companies, on the way up, produce quality material—but when some of them get "big," it's another story. It also explains how the American cinema has become so boring, so dull, so blight and curse that we're witnessing a system in dire need of a good doctor.—CTB

SOYBEAN GREEN

Dear Carl:

Despite the critics' negative comments on SOYBEAN GREEN "being cute but lacking no impact," I think the film was excellent and inclusive in exposing social problems and government corruption. It's one of the best of the movie's next chapter. If we let things get any further out of hand.

Other of my film favorites include ANDROMEDA STRAIN, OCEAN HALL, FANTASTIC FOUR, etc. Of course, 2001. Why don't you do a much desired feature on ANDROMEDA? SILENT RUNNING was a disaster for life, direction and even acting (as much as there was in it). In 1981 I spent time working on another film! I was ill so I found it uncomfortable; now he pretends filed floors. Seriously, Daug announced PYRAMID as his next one; he may have changed plans or title since then, though.

Comics are getting better, overall. [Hey, great idea there. Orinal Man, once a lively jester who made wit, gradually rising in power to Superintelligence, and then... etc. forget it. And J. C. C. Savage, the 1960s and 1970s, with Mike Kaluta, are easily the best out. Simplifying for Marvel's old relatives, SPIDER-MAN, FANTASTIC FOUR and HULK, I better than last year. CONAN is great, too. For the new ones, I'd like to see... SOYBEAN is getting worse each issue, no wonder C.C. Smith quit, CAPTAIN AMERICA, SUBMARRINER and IRON MAN are loaded with their scripts and art. Let's try to grin and bear it. [Or die and (cont. on p. 60.)]



The Mutations



Credits: A Columbia Picture. J. Ronald Gentry, executive prod.; Robert D. Weisbach, prod.; Jack Cardiff, director; Raul Bowen, dir. of photography; Charles Parker, make-up; spd. fx. by Ken Middleham.

Cast: main principals listed in story synopsis; Lisa Collins, John Scott, Tony Lennon, Richard Davies, John Wreford, Eithne Dunne. **And the cast freaks:** the dwarfs: Tony Mayne, Muffy Tweedie, Kathy Kitchen; 1st lady: Fran Pakenhilly; delusious lady: Lindsey Rowley; beer-drink lady: Fay Bux; breaster: Dee Dorcas; human piece of shit: D.T.; monkey woman: Midge Bennett; Popeye: Willie Ingram; alligator girl: Esther Blackmon; pretzel boy: Hugh Bully; frog boy: Felix Dourne.

Double page pic: the real-life freaks of **MUTATIONS**. Opposite page, top: **Tom Baker** as **Lynch**. Bottom: **Michael Dunn** as **Born**, the side-show's partner.

Not since Tod Browning's **FREAKS** was released in 1932 has there ever been quite another assemblage of as many frightening grotesqueries and authentic physical anomalies as are found in **MUTATIONS**. Banned in England for more than a quarter century (and still boycotted today in various areas), **FREAKS** was a unique, challenging and, for many, an appalling filmic presentation: a director using actual, real-life circus freaks as actors in a horror movie? Heavens, how revolting!

Yet, for utter originality nothing like **FREAKS** had ever been seen before, nor even approached in more than forty years... At least, not until **MUTATIONS**, which goes a bit further in the macabre genre with a weird but powerful blending of science fiction.

THE STORY:

Professor Nolter (Donald Pleasance), obsessed with the idea that science can bridge the gap between man and plant—thus creating a new life-form—both



fascinates and disturbs his London students who include Hedi (Julie Ege) and Brian (Brad Harris), an American scientist attracted to Hedi.

Unknown to anyone, Nolter conducts his strange experiments in an isolated mansion with the assistance of Lynch (Tom Baker), a man deformed by some inherent glandular disorder who, with Burns (Michael Dunn), a dwarf, owns a carnival freak show.

Hoping Nolter's work will some day cure his own deformities, Lynch doesn't hesitate to secure human beings on whom Nolter can experiment. One such victim is Bridget; her kidnapping by Lynch is witnessed by Burns who lives in fear of his deformed partner, as do the other members of the freak show family.

Nolter's experiments on Bridget (also one of his former students) fail; she is turned into a non-human mutant whom Lynch brings to the freak show as "the Lizard Woman of Tibet." Tony (Scott Anthony), another student, who is suspicious of Lynch and Burns, becomes Nolter's next victim, a "Venus Fly-Trap" creature, capable of movement, speech

and thought. Tony escapes Nolter and reaches Lauren (Jill Haworth), also a classmate—her mind becomes unhinged at his revelations and she telephones Hedi while Lynch is out looking for the mutant. Hedi writes Tony's message down just before she herself is seized by Lynch. Brian finds Hedi's notes and hurries to Nolter's mansion. Though almost killed by Lynch, Brian is rescued by Burns and the freak family, who kill Lynch.

Nolter is about to begin his final experiment on the unconscious Beak. In horror, Nolter is interrupted by the now monstrous Tony who, like the giant Venus fly-trap he is, drains the scientist of his blood just before a fire engulfs them both.

Brian reaches Hedi just in time.

* * *

The production staff and cast surround *Mutations* is both formidable and outstanding, backed by executive producer Ronald J. Getty, son of billionaire J. Paul Getty. Direction is by Jack Cardiff, whose career began as an eminent British cinematographer almost 40

years ago (*The Four Feathers*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *The Red Shoes*, *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, *War and Peace*, *The Vikings*, etc.)—his directorial background includes *Scent of Mystery*, *Sons and Lovers* (New York Critics' award for best direction), *The Long Ships*, *The Liquidator* and others.

A talented veteran of many years, Donald Pleasance is one of the SFantasy screen's most familiar faces, ranging all the way back to two Fifties versions of 1984, one produced by BBC-TV (opposite Peter Cushing who played the lead as Winston Smith) and the same part opposite Edmund O'Brien in the monumental theatrical version. Speaking in glowing terms about Pleasance, director Cardiff said, "He is one of the most authoritative actors I know. He can project a bizarre character with that touch of of credibility that makes it all the more real and chilling."

Born in Workshop in the north of England, the son of a railway station master, Pleasance says, "By rights I should have stayed on the same tracks as my father. But, somehow, I always knew I had to be an actor."

Tom Baker, who plays the deformed Lynch, is already an established star of the macabre for his role as Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, and as the mad magician Kuros in *Golden Voyage of Sinbad* fully, detailed in CoF no. 21.

Mutations is the late Michael Dunn's final film and one of his finest roles. He will be best remembered by fans of the genre as the tiny giant who transcended his personal sorrows and real



physical handicap by being a brilliant dramatic artist in his own right.

Scott Anthony is already known for his role in *Savage Messiah*.

Brad Harris comes from Idaho, comes from an affluent banking family, but terminated establishment connections to become a Hollywood stunt man; he was later signed up to appear in numerous German-Italian films (including second unit directorship for 35 films) before becoming a star in *The Fury of Hercules*.

Jill Haworth (Oscar nominated for her role in *Exodus*) is one of the three top beauties who are in the cast. Included is Julie Ege, a 26 year-old honey-blonde Norwegian, a former Miss Norway, who appeared in *Creatures the World Forgot* and in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Olga Anthony—virtually

below: The Lizard monster mutation created by the evil Dr. Phibes. Left: Scott Anthony as the Venus Fly-trap mutation, also seen peering (opposite page) through a window in a more advanced monstrous condition.





Above: The makeup genius of Charles Parker is being applied in some of *MUTATIONS* leading horror artifice. Below: Esther Blodgett as the earliest's Alligator Lady. Center: D.T., the Human Pinocchio. Right: Fran Rubenaker, the Skeleton Woman. Opposite page: Ah that's left of the unpleasant Dr. Derold Pissance (Dr. Noiter) after the Venus Fly-trap mutation sucks him of all his blood



a newcomer besides her femme associates—is an English actress-model with flaming red hair who has done tv series and appeared in the Western spoof, *How Much Is That in Guineas?*

Obviously everyone connected with *MUTATIONS* has had some connection with the genre at one time or another. Significantly, so has 35 year-old producer Robert David Weinbach who produced one of Boris Karloff's last films: *Cauldron of Blood*.

— Nicholas Morgan







Adrienne Cori (bottom, opposite page) plays Faye Flay, Peter Cushing's weird wife. She's also a strange recluse who'd just as soon wreck loose. To boot, she's developed a personality that only a mother could love (7)

The Vincent Price interview appeared originally in FILMS ILLUSTRATED, a general film magazine distributed exclusively in England. THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH, referred to in this interview, has since undergone a title change and is being released by AIP as MADHOUSE.

Whenever he is visiting our shores, Vincent Price likes to explore our English cities on foot or on the Underground. He is a life-long student of regional accents in his native America, and would like to extend that study to Britain. "I love listening to the rich variety of English accents," he told me. "I like to be able to guess which part of the country people are from". Recently he was in London to star in THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH and also became a regular weekend converser to Manchester on the night dinner to captain one of the talent in BBC-TV's "Movie Quiz" programme which was transmitted weekly from that city. "These were



my first visit to Manchester and I loved them, I was fascinated by the Mancunian dialect and had a great time deliberately stopping people in the street and asking unnecessary questions, simply in order to hear them speak. The same thing happened on my first visit to Birmingham several years ago, but I have to admit that I find 'Mancunian' much easier to understand than 'Birmingham'. My friends are now urging me to go to Newcastle and hear some 'Geordies'. I'm told it's something that every student of dialect should hear." Free artists to getting a great kick out of the "Movie Duo" show. "I travelled up to Manchester on a Sunday afternoon, did the show and returned to London on the midnight sleeper train. At 5.30 am a car would be standing by at Euston to take me to the set. One Monday morning I fell right off to sleep when I got back to the studio. I had been awake all night in the sleeper."

On another occasion Price took the tube from his Belgrave apartment to Tottenham Court Road to keep an appointment with Canadian actor Richard Williams who is making his first full-length feature cartoon called THE AMAZING NASRUDDIN based on the Arabian Nights-style fable by Idries Shah. Price has been recording the voice of the arch-villain Grand Vizier Armer who, with his pet snake, plots the overthrow of the Persian throne.



"Did you ever see Dick's film of A CHRISTMAS CAROL which was the Hollywood Oscar last year?" Vincent asks. "It was brilliant. I was absolutely delighted when he asked me to supply the voice of this cartoon character. I've never done anything like this in my career. It was fascinating watching these amateurs bringing all these thousands of drawings to life on the screen. Dick has a lot of Disney's artists from California working for him now in his London studios. THE AMAZING NASRUDDIN has already taken him four years and it should be ready for the public to see by the end of 1974."

Vincent is, of course, a leading authority on art and his latest published book on the subject is called "The Vincent Price Treasury of Great Art". It is a coffee-table size volume and contains many full colour prints with a personal commentary by Vincent on every page. The book is dedicated to his second wife, Mary Grant, their twelve year-old daughter Victoria, and Vincent's adult son, Vincent Barrett Price.

At 62, Vincent is busier than ever with no thought of retiring. "They will have to bury me before I retire, and even then my tombstone will read 'I'll Be Back!'" he jokes. THE REVENGE OF DR DEATH was his 100th feature film and he has two more lined up for British production later in the year. In



America, providing communities for television documentaries is also keeping him active. He recently did one called "The Devil's Triangle," a true story about an area between Bermuda and Hawaii where, for years, ships, planes and sailors have been mysteriously disappearing without trace. "I recently met a woman in New York who had canceled her vacation in Bermuda after seeing it," says Price. "She told me the film scared hell out of her!"

Meanwhile Price is seldom absent from our film or television screens for long. The Roger Corman-directed trio of *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM* and *THE TOMB OF LIGEIA* runs up regularly as part of an Edgar Allan Poe retrospective for compulsive late-night television. Vincent Price takes all these varied activities in his stride. He is currently writing a book for American gourmets entitled "What the Hell Do You Do With the Parsley?"

"It's a tedious idea," he explains gleefully, "but I think it will be fun. You see, in America our food is always covered in great mounds of parsley. You can barely find it. I am exploring a theory that the richest men in America are not the Paul Gettys or the Howard Hughes tycoons. They are the Parsley Kings. I was in Montreal last year on a lecture tour and I decided to finish my dinner with an ice-cream. And, yes, you've guessed it. It was served with a sprig of parsley."





Vincent Price, as Paul Toombras, veteran horror actor, wonders if he is really sound by some terrible impulse (opposite page). He also finds his ex-star, Carol (Jennie Lee Wright) an incompetent troublemaker. The two rival horror stars have it out in a battle royal—Cushing dies while Price survives.

MADHOUSE—The Story:

Paul Toombras (Vincent Price), veteran Hollywood horror film star, is convinced by producer Oliver Quagga (Robert Quarry) and his old friend Herbert Flay (Peter Cushing), another retired horror film star, to make a comeback in an English TV series. The series is to be based on the character of "Dr. Death," based on an old film that brought Toombras fame.

While on a boat, heading for England, Toombras meets Elizabeth Peters (Linda Peters), a beautiful, ambitious actress who covets a role in his TV series; but their relationship comes to an untimely end in London when she is murdered.

Her sudden and strange death bears an uncanny similarity to the murders committed in early "Dr. Death" films and brings back unhappy memories for Toombras. For, in the early Fifties his own fiancée was murdered under similar circumstances. The resulting scandal ended his career.

Pagued by fears, Toombras still pushes on, and begins work on the new "Dr. Death" TV series. His costar, Carol (Jennie Lee Wright), is

an incompetent troublemaker. When she is also discovered murdered, Toombras becomes the logical suspect. As the sheriff murders continue, Toombras is questioned by bearded Scotland Yard Inspector Harper (John Garrie) and his assistant. They inform Toombras that he is being kept under close surveillance.

A visit to Faye Flay (Adrienne Cori) turns up some disturbing evidence. Faye, a wild-eyed recluse, informs Toombras that her husband Herbert (Cushing) was once scheduled to portray Dr. Death on screen. And now, should anything happen to Toombras, he is set to replace him in the series. Julia (Natalie Pyne), the publicity girl, discovers the first concrete piece of evidence, a glove, but never gets a chance to reveal it. Toombras discovers her murdered body in his dressing room.

Shattered by the crime, Toombras wonders if he is in the grip of impulses totally beyond his control. Staggering to the sound stage, he sets the place ablaze as the cameras turn. Miraculously, he escapes the flames.

Herbert Flay now expects to have the lead

role in the "Dr. Death" series—until he is confronted by a burner, ensnared Toombras who accuses him of the murders. The two battle and Herbert is killed.

Toombras, having turned Herbert's body into a decomposed corpse which can "stand in" for his own body. He never regrets that he killed Flay, realizing that Flay had committed all the murders and tried covering his med. Quickly Toombras goes to the wake-up room. Soon he is an exact duplicate of Herbert Flay, and, as such, is prepared to fulfill Herbert's contract to replace the "late" Paul Toombras in the "Dr. Death" series.

* * *

Credits: MADHOUSE—(85 min.). An American International Picture, produced by Max J. Rosenberg, Milton Subotsky, Dr. J. M. Clark; screenplay by Greg Morrison (based on Angus Hall's novel, "Devilism"); starring Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Robert Quarry, Adrienne Cori, and others.

PETER CUSHING

*on *Frankenstein* & others*

I can trace my interest in acting right back —almost to Noah, in fact. Before I even knew I wanted to be an actor my great hero was Tom Mix. I was always going to the cinema to see his films, then coming home and re-acting his deeds of derring do. I didn't realise it was wanting to be an actor, I just thought I wanted to be a cowboy. When I got a little older, I realised what I wanted to be, but I had no training for it and no connections in the business. So I got a job as a surveyor's assistant at the Coultodon & Purley Urban District Council where I was really little more than a glorified office boy for four years. They were so patient with me, because by then I was involved with amateur theatricals and needed a lot of time for rehearsals. However the Council had different ideas about how I should spend my time. But there was a big loft in these offices where all the old ordnance maps were kept and I suggested that they were in such an awful muddle that I should go up there each day and put them into order. So I used to go up to this marvellous loft and learn my parts and rehearse to an audience of mice and spiders. And of course the ordnance maps remained in this terrible condition.

I also used to take 'The Stage' and answer advertisements in there. I tried for so long with my own name that I thought a change of name might help. I was in the throes of first love at the time and the word "darling" was naturally used an awful lot, so I thought, "I'll call myself Peter Ling." Cut out the dar-, you see. So I sent out a whole lot of letters to the repertory companies saying, "Here I am. What about it?" or words to that effect. But I soon changed my name back to Peter Cushing because I got a letter back from one of them saying, "I don't think there's much scope for Chinese actors in the repertory business."

Then for months and months I sent letters to Bill Fraser, who then ran the Connaught repertory company in Worthing. I bombarded him until finally I got a letter back saying, "Please come down and see me." I immediately gave in my notice at the office—to their delight—and I arrived, baggage back, at the Connaught Theatre between-the-matinee and the evening performance, and presented myself to Mr Fraser, who was drinking tea in his dressing-room. He said, "Who are you?" and I said Peter Cushing. So he said, "Oh, I'm so glad you've turned up. It was just to ask you please don't keep on writing to me because I've got so much else to do without answering all these letters."

Whereupon I burst into tears and he



took compassion on me and put me on the stage that very night in J.B. Priestley's 'Cornelius' in which I played a creditor. And that was my first professional appearance.

I was then in repertory between three and a half and four years, all over the country. One had great scope as a young actor, because repertory was such a great training ground. You're literally carrying about three plays at a time. You're doing one, rehearsing the next and trying to forget the one before, and it's awfully difficult not to get muddled.

I had saved up £50 in that time and my dear father paid my fare to America—one way. It bothered me a bit at the time, I think he thought I could swim home. No, it was economy, really. Coming back to Tom Mix, I had simply always wanted to go where Tom Mix lived, and that was America. My father was a quantity surveyor and this was the only way he felt he could help me, bless his heart.

That really was a case of the biggest fool stepping in where any angel would fear to tread. No-one knew of me, but I had worked out my economics with my

£50. I went straight to the YMCA in New York and looked up all the addresses of all the film companies in the telephone directory. Then I went around to see them all and said, "Look, I'm a very famous actor and I've just arrived from England." They were all awfully kind, but there was one gentleman whose name was Larnie Goodkind, and he really did live up to his name. He was so helpful and he gave me a letter of introduction. I forget now whether or not anything became of it, but at least he gave that wonderful sense of encouragement. We all need encouragement at all times in our lives; whether or not you think the person is going to make it, you must encourage, I think, because if something is latent in that person, you can't just down it. You just need one person to give you that extra little bit of courage and determination.

I knew no-one at all in Hollywood. I again landed at the YMCA and announced that I was going to get into the pictures, to which they said, "Oh, yeah?" or words to that effect. I said then that I had no money left, but that I would pay them as soon as I got a job. They were so absolutely astounded that they said yes. So I whipped around to all the studios and made myself known. Now, it's an extraordinary thing, because you can go to almost any studio in England and almost walk in unnoticed, but in America, you go to the gates and there are armed policemen, bawling with guns. I think it was something to do with being frightfully British because at that time they didn't really quite get us at all—I don't think they do now—and I was just inherently honest. I said, "I've come to get into pictures and I must see someone. Who do I see?" So this particular policeman told me to go and see the casting man.

When I look back, this was absolutely extraordinary, because this casting man said that James Whale was at that time directing *The Man in the Iron Mask* in which Louis Hayward played twins—a good brother and an evil brother—and the director was looking for someone to play opposite him in this split screen process, to give him something to play against. Because it's like playing tennis, you have to have another player. Normally they would have the continuity girl just blindly reading the lines with no expression, so he wanted someone who could really act with Louis Hayward. And, to cut a very long story short, I got the job.

Film acting is a very much more technical thing and I only had this stage experience, so it was wonderful for me to observe all the greats of that period at work. And of course Louis Hayward himself. I played the good brother while he played the bad, then vice versa. Then the film was literally cut up the middle, my two lots were thrown away and Louis Hayward's two were stuck together and there he was talking to himself.

I was quite dreadful, because I was allowed to go and see the rushes, and I nearly fainted on the spot when I saw myself for the first time. I had a dreadful voice and I was as round as a dumpling. But as the weeks went by, it did improve a little and indeed they were very pleased



Robert Urich as Victor Frankenstein, Peter Cushing as the Monster, and Carl Lumbly as Dr. Frankenstein in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

with me and gave me this part of my own. I got on a horse and came rushing up and said, "The King wants to see you."

I have always been a great one for detail and I love period costume. This was the period of Louis XIV and they wore lovely big hats with feathers and lovely spurs. So I went to the costumers and, remembering the lovely noise Tom Mix's spurs made, got myself a huge pair. Then I leapt on this horse—having never been on a horse before, I used Mother's bicycle as Tom Mix's horse—and the thing took off and pulled down all the scenery. I had cables across either side both of which fell down and pinioned my arms, and the stirrups locked, and in the end they had to lasso the horse, and me, and bring us to a standstill, having held the whole production up for several hours and at a cost of several thousand dollars. And I was de-spurred on the spot. But it was a marvellous intro into films. It rarely comes to any actor to get that experience of filming with people of that calibre.

Soon after that came *Fight in the Night* with Brian Aherne and Carol Lombard in which I had a role that was virtually the second male lead, so I must have improved a little by then. War had broken out in England at that time so there was an enormous shortage of young actors. The film had an all-English cast and was based on an A. J. Cronin story about hospitals set in London and the North.

Robert Coote had the wonderful title of dialectician and they wanted someone who could assume a North Country accent that the Americans would understand but that would be acceptable in England as well. And that was really one reason why I got this fantastic role.

I arrived back in England in 1942, then I joined ENSA. Soon after the war I went to see Laurence Olivier, as he was then, to audition for the young male lead in 'Born Yesterday'. He said, "This is American. Can you speak American?" and I said no. I think there's nothing more phoney than an English actor trying to speak American. And he said, "That's awfully honest of you. You're saving us all a lot of time. And we will be in touch." And I thought that was just a very kind way of saying no. But, sure enough, I was playing a Frenchman in





Opposite page: Peter Cushing in *MADHOUSE*. Below: Cushing in a very rare shot: as Sherlock Holmes in BBC TV's "A Study In Scarlet" (Sept. 1968). Cushing and Lee in *THE MUMMY*.



Peter Cushing on stage at the Kew Theatre during his John Player appearance. The session was chaired by David Castall of *Films Illustrated*.

a play at the Kew Theatre and Tony Booth, who was Laurence Olivier's right hand man, came down and apparently went back to Olivier and said, "There's an incredible Frenchman in this play whom I recognize. Come and have a look at him." So they both came down to the Saturday matinee and Olivier said, "Well that's that chap who said he couldn't speak American. He can certainly speak French."

Anyway, he was evidently impressed and said, "Would you like to play in the film of *Hamlet* that I'm making? And what part would you like to play?" So I said, what about Hamlet. And he said, "That's

cast." So, nothing daunted, I asked what was going, and he said, "Well, everything is cast except Ophelia." So that's the part I played.

From that I went to Australia with the Old Vic tours with Olivier, then I got into television in 1951. At that time, because television was beginning to keep people away from the cinema, film producers weren't very keen on anyone to do with television. I did three years solid television and there was only one person who always wanted me, and that was James Carreras who was the head of Hammer. I was very keen to get into films in England

because films were the things I had always wanted — hence my sojourn to Hollywood — and I was aware that I had to get into a better type of picture, otherwise I wouldn't get on films there. But when I read that they were going to make *The Curse of Frankenstein*, I very much wanted to play the part. My agent showed me something that Hammer had made, *X the Unknown*, and I thought it was frightfully good, so I said if they still wanted me, Frankenstein was the role I would like to play.

Now one connected with this first film had any idea that this incredible snowball would start and keep on rolling to this very day. It was just another picture in a list of pictures they were going to make that year, and it just struck some chord among audiences of which we are still hearing the twangs. Because they tell me that these films are being seen somewhere in the world every single day.

Now I've played Frankenstein six times and basically he must be the same character but the writers do try and get some variety into the films. And because he's always being frustrated, because there are always those beauty villagers knocking on his door,

he perhaps becomes more ruthless about the way he goes about getting his material. Strangely enough the latest film is written by the man who wrote the first one and Frankenstein becomes more human again. But certainly he does alter by the very fact that different people write the stories. He was very ruthless in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*, I remember.

The strange thing is that when we first started these films back in 1956, everything that Frankenstein got up to was pretty impossible, but now Dr. Bernard has caught up. He hasn't gone quite as far as me, because I have transplanted brains. Not very successfully, I admit, but we've all got to start somewhere. But they'll be at it yet, the same as they'll find a cure for cancer, because that's what we're here for. Some of us are here to entertain; Dr. Bernard and people of his kind are really going to find cures for these things; they are going to be able to transplant brains. In fact, I believe that Russian scientists already have done that very thing in animals quite successfully.





I don't mind at all that people may refer to me as 'a horror actor' because in this unpredictable profession actors are awfully lucky. They're doing something they love, they're earning a living by it, and the end product, we hope, gives pleasure. But for any actor to be associated with a form of success like Hammer's I think is absolutely wonderful and if that means being thought of as 'a horror actor', then I think it's the most marvellous thing that could happen to me. On an average I've made one and a half pictures a year for the same company for sixteen years. Well, this is fantastic. An actor's last job is his last job. Someone asked me earlier what my plans are. I have none. I'm pretty sure I will have. But you can never be sure like people who have an office job and know that they will be going to that office, nine till six, fifty weeks out of the year. But an actor doesn't have that security. The job he finishes may be his last for a week, a year, two years, you just don't know. So I think one would be very ungrateful if one did object in any way. I think it is a very great thing. In short, I love it.

When you're dealing with these pictures, which are dealing with the impossible, you have to believe in it and love it yourself if you're going to try and get an audience to believe it with you. At least, that's the way I approach any film I do, be it *Frankenstein* or *Oscar in Hamlet*. I always approach *Frankenstein* as seriously as I would approach *Hamlet*. That's the only way to approach any work.

Opposite page (bottom): Cushing and Lee in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Right: Cushing arises from the grave in **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**.

ZARDOZ

ZARDOZ is such a different film and, maybe, so subtle that for once the mass audiences and usual gaggle of "film critics" seemed to agree, by almost mutual consent the majority seemed to say, "It's a bomb!" Even some of our friends said so. On the other hand, a few others love it, and even a few lesser known critics have elicited raves, such as Baird Searles in his column in *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

The reason why ZARDOZ has troubled so many is that writer-director John Boorman is dispensing more than the average mind can fully comprehend. And the odd thing is that ZARDOZ is played with clichés that look at least three years out of style; naturally, status mentalities condemn this because they're ignorant of or unused to dramatic similes and other literary nuances.

Superficially, ZARDOZ seems over-laden with derivation, in fact, blatant, unabashed lifts mostly from 2001, PLANET OF THE APES, THE TIME MACHINE, CARNIVAL OF SOULS, and... God help us, a structure so damned close to the Roddenberry director of last year, GENESIS II (not to mention its moonstrous offspring, PLANET EARTH, just this past April), that—but that's where the "resemblance" ends.

Despite apparent derivativeness, there's a tremendously fascinating, likeable quality about ZARDOZ.

Some of it has undoubtedly to do with the fact that Sean Connery's not only star but dominant deniged. He's also in better physical shape than he's been in more than four years, thus he looks quite great, although the very long hair, especially the droopy moustache, ages him somewhat; and the creased, slightly heavier features aren't what they were back in GOLDFINGER and MARNIE days. But all this is apart from the reality that he is, personally, a very warm, intelligent and fine man, a fact perhaps suspected but only rarely learned, such as from his very few TV appearances (e.g. "Not For Women Only," early Feb., '74); so, as it's always been with most fine performers, Sean's inner beauty and humanity was what made him a star, not just his Bondian trappings alone—and all of this works into ZARDOZ with grand results.

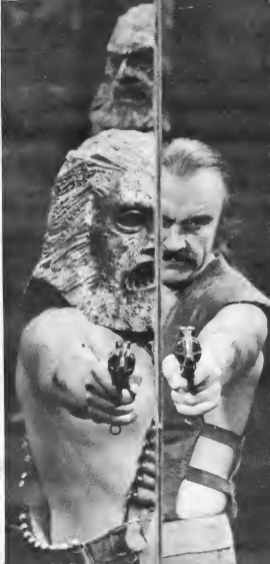


ZARDOZ starts off with a gigantic stone head floating down from space; the year is 2293, and civilization per se hardly exists, or so it seems. The world is shared by several groups—one of these live in awesome poverty, sickly, and unprotected, subject to instant extermination by The Exterminators, marauding soldier-horsemen who shoot down the weak and enslave those who survive, only to kill them later for kicks. Somewhat like Conan, Zed (Cosner) rushes out of the pack, filled with bloodlust and rapaciousness... but obviously different. When the giant stone head that symbolizes the macabre god Zardoz lands (Incidentally, Zardoz stands for WIZARD OZ), it vomits another abundance of firearms. Zed sneaks and hides within the huge head before it takes off again. Upon landing, Zed finds himself in a strange land ruled by The Eternals, a group of semi-immortals (the world's ruling class) who resemble TIME MACHINE'S Eliot. Beneath them are The Apathetics who vegetate in somnolent catatonia—but they suddenly awaken and "turn on" once exposed to Zed's mystical life-force energy.

Boorman's work is so powerfully structured, so intelligently tongue-in-cheek that it's rather obvious why it ran into trouble. For the last ten years movie audiences and critics have been bludgeoned and desensitized by groin-and-genital, lower grade "shock" type values. Perhaps it has also much to do with the degenerate, down mood of the country for the last five or six years. Whatever, subtle message-prone, "odd-ball" films aren't now very much in vogue (this is quite significant in that it can be equated with the appalling decline of art film theaters within the same period).

Admittedly, Boorman's film, at first blush, is annoying. It's that rare film that one must think about before daring to essay a reasonable opinion. It has also a few flaws; some are huge, such as the last two or three minutes. And you may at first even tend to agree with some of the horde's grumblings as you leave the theater; thus, it's a good idea to wait at least a day or two, think it over, let it all sink in, and then—hang! You may start marvelling.

In a long and generally interesting article covering some of the more important SFantasy films of recent months (and a few going back six years)—"Movies Are More Sci-Fi Than Ever," N.Y. Times, March 17, 1974—Vincent Canby's comments on ZARDOZ fell into the same mire of perspicacious insensitivity that's afflicted so many others. Contemporary entertainment's orthodox linearity, in other words, has not merely indoctrinated but has also programmed a Pavlovian condition in so-called academicians (or "critics") and mass audiences that makes



them march to the same tunes.

Perish the thought that film or any other medium should deviate from the familiar or commonplace! And forget about standards of excellence. How many even know what it means any longer? Scholastic provincialism is the norm, mediocrity is revered, excellence is feared when not hated. It's rampant in academia, consequently it's reflected everywhere, even in many once fine but now run-down theaters owned by slum-landlord types.

Because Boorman's ZARDOZ doesn't

adhere to conventional linear principles, many have rashly cited it as a failure. Canby, however, reassures us that it is in that it "...exposes Boorman as someone of considerable less wit, discipline and good sense than I thought of the man who made POINT BLANK and even DELIVERANCE." — Appearing in the N.Y. Times, of course, gives it added dignity and integrity (though how they do it without R.C. or Dick Tracy is a mystery).

Several centuries ago, Dean Jonathan Swift's intellectual genius at so confounding academia and other status quo elite with "Gulliver's Travels," a mind-blowing, non-linear view of the world. Even more than 300 years later, Swift dazzles or confounds. About a century ago, Lewis Carroll went still further, took a magical tour Through the Looking Glass with Alice — and millions have been tripping out, men-





tally, or escalating their senses, or just enjoying themselves (or all three, or more, at one time). And many have, in the process, gone on to discover that most of "society" does indeed consist of nothing but a pack of cards.

Yes—**BARBARELLA**, **THE APES'** series, 2001, etc., etc.—all of them can be recognized in **ZARDOZ**, plus lots of other stuff. Looking backward, though, it's hard for me to recall when I have last seen such a great, non-plastic, non-conforming f---k-the-critics movie. Flaws and all, **ZARDOZ** distinguishes itself above many highly touted films by being impossible to forget and disturbingly unorthodox.

British-born writer-director Boorman, who created the mind-jarring **DELIVER**



Opposite page: Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling. Above: Sean Connery as Zed has his thought waves projected by his captors, the Eternals. Below: An Eternaler, about to kill as his god, Zardoz, commands.

(Continued on page 54.)



SLAYMATE OF THE MONTH:
INGRID PITT

In a brief span of her 20 years, Ingrid Pitt has earned her living in nearly 15 different ways. At various times she's been a ballet dancer, model, bodybuilder, stage girl, director, songwriter, cook, author, and... actress. It's her obvious talents in the final category that gave cause to AIP and Hammer to sign her for their coproduction of *THE VAMPIRE LOVER*—some 10 years hence.

Ingrid was born in Poland but spent her early life in East Berlin, and it was there where she got her first taste of acting. She met married Helmut Vogel, wife of director Friedrich, so named her a member of the German Theater Ensemble Theatre. After three years of making the coffee and doing wash roles, she got her first break. The actress she understudied in *MOTHER COURAGE* became ill and Ingrid took her place with great success. But before she could capitalize on it, her life took a radical change.

Walking one day by the River Spree, which divides the two Berlins, she heard shots being fired nearby. Thinking the guard might be shooting at her, she panicked and dove into the water. Heading the other side, she was rescued by a very surprised American Army officer. Finding herself free to go where she wanted, she chose America. Ingrid sold her speed tickets to advantage and took up modeling. But she soon got bored with that. So, she bought an old car and set off on a 20 thousand mile tour of the States. She then spent eight months on Indian reservations, living with the Sioux and Navajos. After that she decided to save Madrid, in Spain, the quickly found work as an actress, made a number

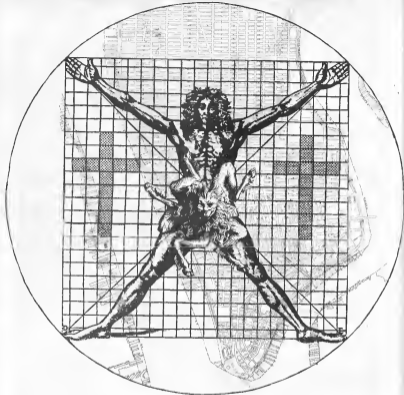


in blue, and delicate foot lighting. Photo-
grapher took out her own hair. "She made 12
takes in all, and did 4 to 5 takes. With this man-
ner, she was enabled to get back to the ship.
In a few days of that M.C.T. was back in the
water and was able to get back to the ship.
She was the first to show the hair of the
also suggested a new trend. She got the pig-
tail that began a new trend with Richard Bar-
ton and Clint Eastwood.

As a result of her hair, she was the first
to get the hair up and tied off in a
tail. With her hair, she was the first to
get the hair up and tied off in a tail. With
her hair, she was the first to get the hair
up and tied off in a tail. With her hair,
she was the first to get the hair up and
tied off in a tail. With her hair, she was
the first to get the hair up and tied off in
a tail. With her hair, she was the first to
get the hair up and tied off in a tail.

Some of her most interesting books in
date include: *THE HISTORY OF THE
KING IN THE HARBOR*, *THE ORDER
OF THE KINGS*, *THE ORDER OF THE
KINGS*, *THE ORDER OF THE KINGS*, *THE
ORDER OF THE KINGS*, *THE ORDER OF
THE KINGS*, *THE ORDER OF THE KINGS*,
and *THE ORDER OF THE KINGS*.

JOHN W. W.



Some people faint, Others vomit. A theater manager in Toronto says, "We have a plumber practically living here now." And, in Chicago, a psychiatrist gives treatment to two moviegoers. The shrink, Dr. Louis Schlus, says, "Several people have become clinically ill—unable to function adequately in their usual capacity—some to the point of requiring hospitalization after seeing the film. We are all neurotics. There is no one without a neurosis which might be just waiting to be triggered off by a film such as *THE EXORCIST*."

Author William Peter Blatty makes his second Carson Show appearance. Dir-

ector William Friedkin sets off on a nationwide college speaking tour. And meanwhile, in San Francisco, a *resit* exorcism: Father Karl Pazelt, a Jesuit priest, with the approval of Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken, performed 14 exorcisms between August 19, 1973 and September 18, 1973, on a young Daly City, California, couple and their two-year-old child. The family experienced "attacks of the devil" which, according to Father Pazelt, included "the throwing around of shoes, breaking windows, putting towels on fire, hitting them and thousands of other dirty tricks." The couple experienced the phenomena be-

THE



EXORCIST

fore the release of the box-office breaking Warner Brothers film, and they had not read Blatty's best-seller. The demons were dispelled with the words, "I command you, whoever you are, unclean spirit, and all of your associates obsessing this friend of God, I command you to obey in all these things not ever again offend this creature of God."

Father Pazelt has since executed another exorcism in Sacramento. Other real-life exorcisms are detailed in a recent paperback by Martin Ebon (editor of "Psychic Discoveries By The Russians").





Betty's carefully researched need, in fact, was based on a church documented case of exorcism involving a 14-year-old boy which took place in Maryland in 1949.

Betty wrote his own screenplay and maintained a degree of control by financing it as his own producer, commenting, "Too often the producer or the director or the actor or his wife will commit those atrocities of change upon a script that Louise's dog brought upon a gentleman's forthrightness in 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.'" Even so, there were arguments between Betty and Friedkin in the final weeks of work before release of the \$10 million production.

In the past, Friedkin has remarked on the importance of sound: "The use of effective sound effects is, I feel, as important as the picture. . . . The manner in which all the elements are combined, and how sound effects orchestrate the scene—that makes it effective." In *THE EXORCIST* this emphasis on sound (with theater volume at maximum) is used to create a sensory assault and adds to the total impact of the film. But is it possible that the bass vibrations might have something to do with the cases of faintings and vomiting? One patron, while being carried out on a stretcher: "Four dollars and I only lasted 20 minutes. . . ." In any case, Friedkin says the Warner sound department can't be beat, which is why he did all post-production work on the West Coast instead of the East where he filmed.

Friedkin's desire for sonic gratification resulted in a stunning soundtrack score. Bernard Herrmann was contacted, perhaps with the feeling that he might top his great scores for Hitchcock, Welles and Truffaut. Herrmann flew from London to New York to see the rough cut, and then turned down the job, stating: "There is only one great film which has its credit at the end, gentlemen, and that's *CITIZEN KANE*." Without opening credits, a composer is deprived of the opportunity to establish the mood of the picture with an "overture," so Herrmann grabbed the next place



Double-page spread: Regan (Linda Blair) in one of the more possession scenes. Above: Regan is exorcised by Dr. Klein (Martin Huggman). Regan's mother (Ellen Burstyn). Opposite page (top): Father Karras (Jason Miller) and Father Merrin (Max Van Sydow) save Regan's soul.

No matter what you've read about **THE EXORCIST**, it wasn't bad enough. Director William Friedkin and author William Peter Blatty are selfish, I'll give them that, but then so were the Nazis. **THE EXORCIST** is quite simply the dumbest, most insouciant anti-intellectual movie I have ever come across.

The story, I point out unnecessarily, is about the exorcism, by Catholic rites, of a demon who has possessed a twelve-year-old girl. The central character of the film is, for me, Father Karras, a handsome, athletic psychiatrist-physician who on the verge of losing his faith but whose faith is restored when he witnesses, in first hand, \$10 million worth of Warner Brothers' special effects. The point of **EXORCIST** is that religion is the key to the mysteries of the universe (one of which is surely the popularity of this film). Science and medicine and psychology are dismissed as so much affecting blather. It's no wonder the 12-year-old heroine throws up. Who could swallow a line like that?

Can audiences really enjoy **EXORCIST**? The film doesn't scare you, scared is what you get from reading "The Turn of the Screw." It does make the audience tense, sure—but that's because sitting through **EXORCIST** is like looking at films of war atrocities for two hours. I can't believe the blood and gore becomes fun here just because it's make believe.

What is really saddening about **EXORCIST** is all the time and money lavished on these hideous special effects. Imagine all the American kape-how that went into figuring out how to project vomit across a room! It's enough to make one demonstrate how life can amuse at art.

Art, however, is too strong a word for **THE EXORCIST**, and director Friedkin has, in fact, eschewed any artistic intentions. Friedkin reportedly has said "When I see a film by somebody that for somebody, I smell art."

Was it James Joyce who pointed out that art is an illusion of art?

—San Francisco Bay Guardian

♦ ♦ ♦

THE EXORCIST has generated a media blithering that, conversely, the film itself cannot hope to fulfill the expectations which the Hollywood stimulation. Structurally, the movie is similar to innumerable horror pictures of far more modest pretensions: expository sequences alternate with interludes of grace, the latter increasing in duration and impact to at last culminate in a crescendo of seismic proportions. On that framework is hung the story of a small girl (Linda Blair) who is possessed by a demon. This infernal internal impugner behavior which earns external torment for the child's innocent young body. As recompense for misdeeds ranging from unguish to homicidal, Miss Blair suffers shock treatment, electro-metaphoraphic, two special taps, and, finally, a brutal beating at the film of a trained boxer.

The plot is rich in incident, but the events which comprise it are not so much terrifying as they are gross. The mean's bizarre acts and utterances supply the poet for some richly disturbing imagery; however, like the corvise of the Marquis de Sade, these phenomena so far exceed the accustomed boundaries of horror that the movie topples fatally into the realm of comedy. Perhaps the line which separates shrills from laughter is thinner than any of us suspect. Yet there is one

gratifying chiding frozen at the instant when the poor kid's possession becomes complete: her eyes roll up into her head, she suddenly acquires superhuman strength and commences to howl profanely in a voice not her own. While on the top of nightmare factors, it cannot be denied that the musical selections (not-so-sensuous postmodernist composers like Crumb, Penderecki, Wechsner and others) serve to enhance the horrific atmosphere.

The film's effectiveness is often compromised by roles poorly conceived and performed. Jason Miller and Max von Sydow adequately play their stereotyped parts as, respectively, the hero and his wise old mentor, Elton Binstyn is the "screamer", that is to say, she's the cheerleader-reverend whose task it is to focus audience reaction whenever anything dreadful occurs. The details which define her character, however, fall short of engaging our sympathies. She portrays an unusually bitchy actress who is employed in the filming of a typically incoherent "suspense revolt" movie; apparently she is also an intimate terms with the White House (she is invited there for an intimate dinner late in the proceedings). Is it any wonder that Jane Fonda refused this role?

Most questionable of all, however, are the accolades which have descended upon the head of Linda Blair for her performance as the demon's chosen habitar. Although her face and form lend themselves felicitously to the special effects and makeup departments, one should keep in mind that her voice is heard only in those scenes which depict the victim prior to satanic invasion, in these introductory sequences her acting, if such it can be called, is asinine at best. The glib intonations of her fiendish occupant are provided by Mercedes McCaughy, a lady to whom voice theatrics do not come easily, but who none the less contributes what is certainly the finest portrayal in the film.

Whether failure or not, **THE EXORCIST** is perhaps especially noteworthy in its capacity in visualization for film of hard-core gore. If it's true that **LAST TANGO IN PARIS** could never have been filmed, were it not for the exorcism of **DEEP THROAT** and others of that ilk, then it is equally true that **THE EXORCIST** would not have come to pass, had not **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** already broken the ice, among other things. Like it or not, there exists a sizable audience for gay, sadistic nonsense. Do the more civilized among us have a right to deny this audience its preference? I think not.

Lastly, we have all no doubt huge of people who stood in line four hours to see this movie, then threw up in midfilm and walked out. Of course, I can't say for sure, but my guess is that these people hadn't gone to see a *genuine* movie since 1935. Several renowned critics have denounced **EXORCIST** as "disgusting" and "pornographic." Most honest thrillers, good or bad, are subject to this interpretation, but that's beside the point. Those critical arguments all boil down to the same basic complaint:

"What's this? A real, honest-to-god horror movie? Can't have that!"

If these people had seen **KILL, BABY, KILL** or **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, or even such coarse, garden-variety trash-chickens as **DON'T LOOK IN THE REARVIEW**, they wouldn't be so quick to point that screaming finger.

—Paul Roun

WHY THE LINES ARE LONG...

I'll say up front that **THE EXORCIST**, really blew me away. I hadn't read the book or even reviews of the book, and was totally unprepared for the shock of it all. And shock it has plenty. After seeing it, I, a veteran horror aficionado, went around writing on all the lights of night, jumping at strange noises, and so forth. Like when I was younger, and irresponsible, and saw **DAY OF THE TRIFIIDS**, afterwards contracting this strange plant-paranoia. It was shameful.

Shown away as I was, I followed the publicity that accompanied **EXORCIST**'s release in much the same way as a leper trade a Mesopotamian. I saw the Mary Griffin show, the one with Blatty and Friedkin and Blatty, et al. I saw Joyce Miller on the "Tonight Show," witnessed Linda Blair and her mother on the Mike Douglas show, read the reviews in Time, Rolling Stone, etc. I was even watching when **EXORCIST** appeared away the bulk of the week covered, highly touted Golden Globe awards.

And in this time I have discovered something: everybody's got this hang-up, see—not the same one, you understand, but some personal, personal hang-up. And **THE EXORCIST**, somehow, draws out everyone's hang-up. Deep-seated things say it will be a boon to religion, failing clergy say it's all a bunch of balderdash, and endeavor to ignore the whole matter; hopeful clergy say the film does the Devil's work. Psychologists avoid it as a threat to mental health. Newscasters go to penetrate its mystique. Critics loathe it, or say they do, almost unanimously. Because to do otherwise would be to join the mass, the mad, and admit that the little bit of underdeveloped civilization that is the work's culture had gotten through to them; also they might have to confess that there was, perhaps, one night when every light in the house was on? And, of course, to critics, men of learning and taste, such admission would come hard.

As for the audiences, they have their hang-ups too, and a lot of them are widely shared; everybody here in Des Moines, everybody hopes God's still hanging in there, somewhere, and will be strong eventually to pull us out of this pit we've dug for ourselves. And the personal, unshared hang-ups, God knows, are beyond cataloguing. Whatever they are, however, have no doubt but that **THE EXORCIST** panders to them as eagerly as Linda Lovelace sucking her heart out for the porno crowd.

Beyond all that there's the fact thing, and the status thing ("You haven't seen it yet? Well, I have, and believe me, it's really too much, especially when her breasts come around backwards, cooohh!"). So the lines are crowded just the moviehouse, and all's right in Hollywood.

—D. Raymond Beitz

♦ ♦ ♦

THE EXORCIST emerged after a troubled year of production, and postproduction, as an amazing film, and one destined to become of the very least a horror classic. The first and most chilling horror scenes are disturbing as well as frightening. Director William Friedkin's film will be profoundly disturbing to all audiences, especially the more sensitive and those who tend to "live" the movies they see.

Not since **PSYCHO** or Jack Clayton's similarly-themed **THE INNOCENTS** has the art of film been so powerfully manipulated to grip and terrify an audience. It must be admitted that the highly unusual and explicit nature of some of the material is a major reason why heavy criticism in certain areas, particularly in that a child is involved, (PAPER MOON's troubles in Dallas stemmed entirely from the fact that its wild epithets were spoken by a child.)

Although some editing-room congresses have clearly been made (since editors are credited), what remains is still far beyond the bounds of what has hitherto been permitted in R-rated product, and is enough to shatter the sensibilities of anyone whose sensibilities are prone to easy shattering. There can be no question as to the integrity and fierce intelligence with which these aspects are presented, but the frank depiction, for instance, of a hysterical child screaming the most graphic obscenities as she undergoes her grisly exorcism to rid her land this is one of the comparatively milder moments) is going to upset a lot of people, including many Catholics. Not to mention—and this is a real danger—meretricious types who will see the film but only hear "exorcists" of its supposed blasphemy and lechery.

Suffice it to say, there has never been anything like this on the screen before. Ken Kesey and producer-writer Rialty have pulled a real movie rabbit out of a well-worn genre hat and done it in a crisp, contemporary style designed to thrill even those who thought God passed on a few years back. The spell the film seems to have is so powerful that its basic assumption of belief in the supernatural seems entirely credible. Its unusual approach to graphic yet baroque in a manner Val Lewentz would have approved, and some of its imagery is terrifying in such a personal, even painful way that it stays etched in the only film ever to give grownups nightmares. 14-year-old Linda Blair is transformed into what may be the screen's most horrifying creation (due in no small measure to Dick Smith's fantastic makeup and Mercedes McCauley's wretched vocal).

Although much of the film's impact depends on surprise, it is well enough known that the plot revolves around a movie actress (Ellen Burstyn) living temperately in Washington with her perhaps excessively lovable little daughter (Mia Farrow) while making a film. Strange noises in the attic are followed by strange behavior from the child. She tumbles on the carpet in front of pearly eyes and is terrified when her bed begins to vibrate. Uncontrollable rages of superhuman proportions and screaming obscenities follow. Physical and psychiatric tests reveal nothing. A complete personality change is followed by fawning scenes and a physical change so grotesque that it chills even its spectator. The distraught mother's last hope is an exorcist, described rather vaguely as a legitimate part of the Catholic faith but one which has been relegated to closet status in the wake of psychiatry's ascendancy. A psychiatric priest portrayed by actor-playwright Jason Miller agrees to see the girl although he is suffering from personal and spiritual problems of his own, which are used against him by the creature (or creatures) inside the girl's body. Elderly priest Max von Sydow, the Church's ace exorcist, is summoned and a battle between good and evil unfolds which could easily have been either too silly or too revolting to tolerate. But under Friedkin and special effects expert Marcel Vercoutre it's not only believable, it seems to be happening right in front of you. It's a white-knuckle fight all the way and, physically, so strong the film could be considered a two-hour somnatic exercise, it's that intense.

Friedkin isn't above using such heavy devices to shock cuts to keep the audience off-center, but when he uses them they work. And he draws a superb, poignant performance from the always-excellent Mia Farrow, who provides a necessary core of human feeling, as well as providing Miller with a smash screen debut as the tormented young priest whose final act of self-sacrifice is the key to his own survival. As for young Linda Blair, it is probably the most demanding role a child has ever played, and one can only hope she has been lying down

Father Karras (Jason Miller), in the exorcist of exorcists, leads the Exorcist. Father Morris and Karras (Vic Seydow and Miller) are chased by demonic forces. R444444. Max von Sydow as Father Merrin.

somewhere quietly since filming was completed.

To some THE EXORCIST may seem more than that art, and the film is certainly not without flaws. The psychological analysis of the book have been sacrificed to rapid pacing, the Skeale Jewish detective (Lee J. Cobb) and the movie director (the late Jack MacGowan, miscast) are woefully underdeveloped characters, and certain plot points are brought up only to be dropped, unexplained. But these are regrettably typical deficiencies in transferring a book to the screen and it must be noted that the movie sticks closer to literary sources than most.

—Joe Davis, Jr.

THE CURSE THAT HANGS OVER THE EXORCIST



THE EXORCIST has now been seen by millions; it's going on to become the most financially successful film ever made. Scores of critics have written about it, and millions of words have expressed all opinions, ideas and so on from all parts of the country. And everyone who's seen the film has been thrilled, frightened, disgusted—or has experienced all these feelings and then some.

But few realize the strange forces that plagued the filming of the movie, delayed the production with weird accidents, unexplained deaths and apparitions comprise another story. A story that may even be weirder than the film itself!

In one of his interviews, director William Friedkin described the haunting experienced by his production staff from the very time filming started around two years ago. Despite the film's unparalleled success, Friedkin has said he's had trouble sleeping nights and that *THE EXORCIST* has definitely given him the shakes.

"I'm not a convert to the occult," he says, "but after all I've seen on this film, I definitely believe in demonic possession. There are things that cannot be treated by medical or psychiatric means. It seems strange, foreign and impossible, but it exists."

There were many who said the book could never be filmed because of its revolting filth and horror. But Warner Brothers bought the film rights for \$641,000, and Friedkin was assigned to direct. He was determined to preserve the book's shock value "to get people to suspend disbelief," as he puts it.

Shooting for *THE EXORCIST* began in August, 1972, and was originally scheduled to take 105 days. And then, . . . strange forces intervened; the filming finally took more than 200 days.

Says Friedkin: "We were plagued by strange and sinister things from the beginning. It is simply the hardest thing I have ever done in my life."

First the set was destroyed by a freakish fire that no one can explain, including the guard who was alone on the set when the fire broke out. Shooting was delayed for six weeks while the set was rebuilt.

Strange tragedies and mysterious accidents haunted the cast and crew.

Max von Sydow, who plays the film's exorcist, learned of his brother's death in Sweden on the same day he arrived for his first scenes. This caused more delay while the actor was in Sweden for the funeral.

Linda Blair, who plays the demon's victim, lost her grandfather during the first week of filming.

Irish actor Jack MacGowan (the old eccentric professor of *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*) plays a movie director who is brutally murdered by the demon-possessed girl. He dropped dead one week after filming the murder scene.

Accidents happened far more frequently than is usual in location shooting. A carpenter cut his thumb off. Another worker lost his toe. Ellen Burstyn wrenched her back and was out of filming for two weeks.

Jason Miller nearly lost his five-year-old son to the demons of the movie. The boy was playing on an empty beach when a motorcycle appeared from nowhere and struck him down. He survived, but he was under intensive care and on the critical list for several weeks.

Delays ran the picture \$2½ million over its budget. One was caused when a ten-foot statue of the demon was shipped to Iraq for location shooting. It ended up in Hong Kong and two weeks were lost.

Another set was made useless when a sprinkler system broke down and flooded it.

On top of all these unnatural happenings, there are the other occult mysteries captured on film:

As Friedkin says, "There are strange images and visions that showed up on film that were never planned. There are double exposures in the little girl's face at the end of one reel that are unbelievable."

Friedkin, in a way, is not surprised that a demon had apparently been blocking his production of *THE EXORCIST*. One of the things that had affected him about Blatty's novel was its basis in a real incident based on a case of demonic possession in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C.; it occurred while Blatty was a student there in 1948. In

real life, a boy had been possessed, but Blatty changed the character to a girl to protect the boy from painful memories.

This shift has given rise to rumors that the movie is based on events that really happened to Shirley MacLaine. Actually, says Friedkin, Blatty merely used Shirley as a model for the mother's character when he shifted the victim's character.

Though the characters are fictional, Friedkin's research confirmed that the events described in *THE EXORCIST* really happened.

"This particular boy in the 1948 case on which the film was based," he says, "met all the requirements for exorcism as set forth by the Church."

Witnesses testified that "the boy was speaking in a voice not his own. He was possessed of super-human powers. He broke the arm of the priest performing the exorcism. His bed shook up and down."

Friedkin interviewed one eyewitness who vividly described the horrible events. "I talked to his aunt, a middle-aged, middle-class, totally straight, pulled-together woman, and she told me she was there when the furniture moved to block the path of the priest called to exorcise the demon."

Even this aunt had been skeptical, until she got on the bed with the boy to calm him down and was thrown across the room to a wall.

"The priest spent the night in the room on a mat that slid all over the floor. The furniture tried to attack him. The boy would vomit strange-smelling fluids."

Blatty and Friedkin are probably wandering meanwhile if all of the film's macabre problems are over. Though the film was an instant smash hit from the day it opened, later winning the coveted Golden Globe awards, and then going on to collect Ten Academy Award nominations, there was one more incident no one counted on. When the Oscars were finally presented, *THE EXORCIST* barely made it, missing out on all the top awards and just squeaking by with two of the smaller Oscars: Best Screenplay, and Best Sound. As Blatty commented about this terrible disappointment: "They killed us!"

—Benjamin Fort

@ interview:

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN



The substance of the following article by William Friedkin is essentially from an exclusive session conducted by the University of Georgia's Film Department over which Friedkin presided. Privately, while he is very interesting, Friedkin also proved one of the most difficult people to interview; this impression is evident and conveyed in the short but exclusive interview he had with CoF (at the end of this article) and by the interviewer's personal experience during this private session. Quite indicative of Friedkin's personality, and how difficult it is to arrange a private interview with him, is that out of a number of important newspapers and national magazines attempting to reach him at this time (Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1974), CoF was the only publication able to get near him.

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN SPEAKS

"I'M A STORY TELLER. . ."

What's happened to the American film industry is that it has lost the audience to an enormous extent, because we started to make films that were only interesting. The technique was fantastic, but where was the story? It's only recently that the motion picture industry in this country has gotten back to making what it is that we do. All I do as a director is serve the audience. I'm a story teller. Now, I can choose to tell those stories to myself or to you, and I choose to tell them to audiences. I choose to try to share with audiences those stories that fascinate me. It took me a couple of films to get to that, though. It took me a license to make movies just for myself, while nothing I do will ever talk down to you as an audience.

Last year's audience was 18 million admissions a week. And that may sound like a lot of people; but actually we're losing our audience at an incredible rate. The movie industry is dying in many different ways. As I said, the movie audience was 18 million a week

last year. But in 1946 it amounted to over 80 million tickets per week. Over 80 million a week—no matter what was playing. They didn't even know the title of the film, but moviegoing was a habit.

My opinion is not just the tragedy that television has made that's taken the audience from theatres—not at all, because where there is a picture that the audience wants to see, a GODFATHER or a LOVE STORY, a picture like that, or a FORSIDON ADVENTURE, then you can't get a ticket and stand in line for hours in the rain and snow. What I think is that the filmmakers of my generation—and I was about the age of, I would say, the average guy sitting around here when I started making films—gave up the basic fundamental reason why people go to movies, which in my opinion is for an emotional, visceral reaction to laugh, to cry or to be scared. I can't really think of another reason to go to movies other than an educational level or the documentary film which is so incredibly a factor in exhibition. No, people pay money



to become emotionally involved in the story. And that, it turns out, is all people. It's why I go to movies. For the same reason. I don't have any high-down, extreme pictures that I like that the audience has rejected. I like the same pictures, generally, that most people like, and for the same reason. And so do most filmmakers, by the way, that I know.

One of the things that we gave up was the idea that the movies are a story-telling medium, and we got into this business with an obsession that technique came first. The thing that we abandoned was story in favor of technique. When I first had the opportunity to come into films, the New Wave from France had just begun to be important to movie-makers: the films of Truffaut and Godard and Resnais



and Charbøl. The French New Wave had influenced the young generation of American filmmakers to an extraordinary degree. It brought most of us into the cinema to begin with—but what it took away was it caused most of us to imitate the work of the New Wave and, as it happens, it did not involve the American experience, the American lifestyle, the American way of thinking and presenting a story to an American audience. What we were literally doing was copying the work of the French New Wave and we were getting this opportunity to do it by all the major studios, many of whom went down the drain in the process. It's only in recent years that young filmmakers of my generation have come back to the essential story values and have put technique where it belongs into a highly important but secondary position of serving the needs of a story.

CRITICS AND ACTORS

I've had my share of rave reviews, and I've had my share of knooks. I've learned nothing from either. I can't go on the one hand be hard on thinking my work is less than it is, nor better. I never read reviews, good or bad, unless someone thrusts them in front of me. I'm much more interested in audience reaction, because it's made for the audience. Anyone who has not made a film in some way is of dubious opinion.

Every performance is something that we discuss in detail and rehearse before it ever gets to the stage. Tiffy got out of the effectiveness of a performance is the way you cast it to begin with. First of all, having someone chosen who you feel can do it over someone else. And then after that, you have to make yourself very clear as to what the intent of the story is and what you feel their character's intent is in fitting into the fabric of the story. And then you have to be very clear in the directions you give. In a scene, I will suggest a staging that I've already worked out, that I feel is the way I want the scene to be choreographed. I'll give the actors that choreography and then let them see if it fits. And if they



consent up with improvements on it, I'll gladly go with those improvements.

THE SUBLIMINAL CUT

The subliminal cut is the most important discovery the motion picture has made, in my opinion, since the close-up. And much more important than the dissolve or other discoveries that came after that became a part of the storytelling process on film. The subliminal cut is the single most provocative and useful tool that a filmmaker has today as a storytelling device because it really expresses the way all of us think in cinematic terms. The way all of us walk down the street or we're talking to each other and while you're looking at me or listening to me or I at you, we're thinking



on something else constantly. The way the mind works into God knows where for a picture out of our subconscious. Not simply in dreams, but in the waking state. And that's what the motion picture can do better than any other medium.

The first time I ever saw the subliminal cut used was in a documentary made by a friend of mine called Alan Razzan who made, in addition to this documentary (which was called NIGHT AND FOG) Last Year at Marienbad, Hiroshima Mon Amour and La Guerre Est Finie. It was a documentary of the concentration camps. In color, he had long tracking shots of this concentration camp overgrown with flowers and weeds and looking rather pretty, rather pleasant. If you didn't know what it was, it would look like a park of some kind. And the camera would do these long tracking shots and then there would be sudden, quick interruptions to stock footage of the bodies piled one on top of another in what had been the situation of these camps. He would interrupt these beautiful tracking shots with squalid, almost imperceptible, additional bursts of faces stretched in horror and a handkerchiefed corpse. That was the first time he did it in a film, and then he went on to do it in his features.

When I met Alan, I asked him, "Do you realize that you have arrived at the most profound invention and useful tool that a filmmaker in my generation has ever..." And he said, "Really?" And I said, "Yeah. How did you get that? What was you thinking about?" He said, "I don't know. We were putting this film together and I thought it would be a good idea to just cut and I only had a short piece of stock I could buy." And I said, "Alan, do you know how much this has influenced filmmakers and TV people and everything in this country?" And he said, "No." I said, "Well, if style was copyrightable, you could sue every filmmaker in America for copying your style." He said, "Really? That's very interesting."

It turns out that everything that he had done in all of his work came about—and it's true of most filmmakers, myself included—of

At left (center): William Friedkin. Left: Friedkin. Right: William Buntz. Opposite page: Jason Miller, Betty and Elton Easton center between takes on THE EXORCIST cut.



necessity. It's very seldom that you sit down and think out the most daring things that happen in a film. What you do for the most part as a filmmaker is you have to be open enough to provide over happy accident.

KEN RUSSELL, KUNRICK, NELLES AND OTHERS

I didn't like *THE DEVILS*. I thought it was pitched on too hysterical a level for me. It was graphic and imaginative, but I didn't feel that there was any element of possible identification with it. I saw Whiting's play in New York. It might not have been a good production, I didn't care for the play. It was too many cushions for me—for my own taste. I thought the look of *THE DEVILS* was brilliant and I think that Ken Russell very often tends to thank more about production values than he does content. He makes beautiful pictures, imagery, and very often the content suffers and I think he shows off. He's got a lot to show off. He's a brilliantly talented man, but in the case of *THE DEVILS*, I couldn't get anywhere near it. First of all, it was set in Never-never land. It wasn't set in a historical time period. It was set in some wind-blown thing that was really beautiful to see, but kept distracting me from what I felt the intent of the piece was.

The most recent film—oh, I liked *SERPICO* very much. I liked *AMERICAN GRAFFITI*. And I liked *MAGNUM FORCE*, which is the best picture I saw last year. Putting aside what it is about or what seems to be saying about policemen or anything, it just works for me technically and I'm excited by it. I liked *JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL*. I really did. I never read the book, but I was really impressed with how they made it. It doesn't seem to be working for audiences, but the work that went into it is extraordinary. It's a beautifully made movie to me. Forget the message or the text or anything—just the filmmaking I admire. I couldn't have done it. One of my criteria is when I look at a film and say, "I couldn't have touched it. I don't know how the hell they ever went about that." I

recently felt that about 2001 and *THE GODFATHER*. I felt that's great filmmaking.

I'm not a good guy to talk about *CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, because I don't like it and I like everything else from Kubrick pretty much. If I had such a thing as a Top 100 List, which I don't, he would have two films on it which would be *FATHOMS OF GLORY* and 2001, but *CLOCKWORK* just rained me completely. I happen to think that Kubrick is the best filmmaker today.

CITIZEN KANE was really the first film that turned for me and it turned over some kind of eggs in me and made me think. "This is what I want to do. I want to make movies just like that, because that to me is the best I've ever seen." It's a quarry for filmmakers the same way that Joyce's *Ulysses* is a quarry for writers. It's all there in *CITIZEN KANE*. Very early on in my career I studied *KANE* in the movies. I took it out and studied it frame by frame and learned so much from that picture that I'm still using, still deceiving, as I go along.

The films that I liked best in the past five or 10 years, I guess, would be 2001. And—well, there aren't really too many more that I think are that great. I don't tend to have lists, but the most influential films to me over a long period of time—I would say that *THE GODFATHER* is one of the best of the last five years. The most influential film to me have been *CITIZEN KANE*, *ALL ABOUT EVE*, *FATHOMS OF GLORY*, *WHITE HEAT*, 2001, *RIFIFI*, *8½*, *THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE*, mostly older films. *GODFATHER*, I would say. *CABARET*, I think, was very good. To me, the films that go into that category are ones that tend to contribute to the language of cinema, not just entertain, but tend to be not necessarily commercial at the time they're made but tend to have a lasting value for filmmakers. In other words, Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is a piece of music that, whether you like or don't like it, has changed the course of music in the 20th century. And the films that I just mentioned fit that category in a technical sense. To an ex-

tent, *BONNIE AND CLYDE* did, but I don't happen to be that much of a fan of it, but that film did have a profound effect on the nature of the way we work.

Those earlier films I mentioned are really the watershed of the 20th century and everything that went on in *BONNIE AND CLYDE* took place in *WHITE HEAT* some 20, 25 years before.

AND HITCHCOCK

I worked for Hitchcock, as a matter of fact. The very first film I did on a soundstage was an *ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR*. I made the very last Hitchcock Hour ever made. My sole contact with Hitchcock was while I was directing. I was about 19 or 20 at the time, maybe I was a little older. I was on the set. I was very nervous and Hitchcock, who had very little to do with the series at that time, had come in to film his introduction. He came over to me and he said, "Mr. Fredkin," I said, "Yes sir?" He said, "I see that you're not wearing a tie." And I thought he was putting me on, and I said, "No sir, I'm not." And indeed, I wasn't wearing a tie. He said, "Usually our directors wear ties." And he turned and walked away. That's all I've ever learned from Hitchcock. [Laughter.]

All About THE EXORCIST

I think that one function of entertainment is catharsis. I wouldn't want a study that of *EXORCIST* kind of films any more than I would want every movie to be *AIRPORT* or every movie to be *POSEIDON ADVENTURE* or *CITIZEN KANE*. No audience can take a steady diet of anything. But there is very little film as catharsis if you examine the history of cinema in this country. I know that we're not a raw nerve, but this country usually comes up from things like that and not only recovers, but gets better. The whole political situation in this country I see as a hopeful sign. I don't see it as a disaster at all. I think it's better that this stuff be out of the closet and open and exposed, and let people see what the hell it is that we've caused our politicians to become

(Continued on page 54)

FRANKENSTEIN TV movieguide

PARADISE PARTY (82 min)—AIP, 1964. Despite the huffing and puffing of veterans like Dorothy Lamour, Jesse White, Ella Linder and, most depressingly, Buster Keaton, the talelines serot and direction (minor cast here Don Wely) makes this a prime example of the worst of AIP. Over-age Marlon Taggart Tommy Kirk's involvement in beach party-type antics prevents him from touching on an Earth interest. He played virtually the same part in Larry Buchanan's even worse 1966 semi-remake, the same-for-it MARS NEEDS WOMEN. Annette Funicello, Gene Loren, Susan Hart, etc. Color.

PANDA AND THE MAGIC SERPENT (76 min)—Cade, 1961. Japanese cartoon feature, based (it says) on an ancient Chinese tale. It plays, kitten, dragon god and flowers of life save princess from spell of the Magic Serpent. Animation is okay, but more on Astroboy than on very of Fletcher level. Voices: Marvin Miller, Mike Takai, Lisa Lee. Color.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING OUTRIGGER (123 min)—MGM, 1952. Slightly off line (in a few spots) but extremely lovely modern fantasy, very rewarding and quite moving for those who can appreciate the dream-like pace. Ray girl Ava Gardner falls for mysterious yachting man James Mason who bears a strange supernatural secret. Superb Technicolor photography directed by Albert Lewin (THE WOMAN AND THE SIREN, THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY). Neg. Patricia, Sybil Sin.

PANIC IN THE CITY (88 min)—Feature Film Corp., 1967. Released theatrically as a second feature but made as one of several films, commissioned by and destined for CBS-TV, international conspiracy plots (it is) threatening to devastate America in Los Angeles, which would make an even greater blast than opening a new Bart Gordon movie. Unremarkable in every respect, but full of familiar faces: Howard Gault, Linda Gray, Stacey Natchez, Nicholas Persoff, Oscar Beregi, Anne Jeffery, Dennis Hopper. Dir. Eddie Davis. Color.

PANIC IN YEAR ZERO (85 min)—AIP, 1963. Ray Milland directs and stars in sporadically effective depiction of America reverting to jungle law immediately following atomic attack. Script is best when dealing shrewdly from John Christopher's "Two Weeks of Conquest" and goes away only when it starts inventing stock AIP-type situations of its own. First half is pretty good, but lower budget, fast schedule and relentless unsaturation with out. Cheap, and brassy L.A. Baker seems most have been written for another film and makes the big rape scene seem as if choreographed by Ruler Joe Pao. Jean Hagen, Franca Avenio, Mary Mitchell, Richard Garland, Willis Bushkey.

PARANOID (81 min)—Cinema Guild, 1968. Lethargic setting, ludicrous scripting and a general air of stupefaction characterized this ridiculous Hailo-French sci-fi horror film even in its X-rated theatrical version, which at least had some audibly and suggestions of debauchery to jolly it along. Mirrors the premise it's a hopeless bore congested primarily of lights going out, noises in the night and bodies in the closet, plus Carroll Baker delivering her usual anti-maternalism and altogether terrible performance. Youth burns in a Capote and Corinne Delauney move in on weakly alcoholic Baker and try to drive her nuts so they can have her estate to themselves. Under to Lanth's wretched Gene direction features (also scene). Color.

We are, of course, only half the halfway point, alphabetically, but hardly spatially. The number of titles under P, S, and T alone run into the hundreds combined. Enough to fill up approximately one to 1/10 the space in one issue of Cof. Naturally, there's all that info from U to Z, all in all, enough for the next 2 to 3 issues. And when all of it's "read," we will have an important announcement to make that will delight and surprise everyone. — Joe Davis, Jr., editor, Frankenstein TV Magazine

PARANOID (80 min)—Unit, 1962. Either not, if familiar, however modern genre study of another crazy family with horrible secrets in the closet, courtesy of Jimmy grind-out Sengster. Real, orig direction by Freddie Francis back in the days when it seemed he would develop into a solid, imaginative filmmaker. Unfortunately, his later work (excepting G.I. Joe) has proven flat and uninspired, as if he's lost interest in the genre entirely. Tsk, ts, ts. (If you prefer, later, tsk, tsk.) Rise performance by Oliver Reed, with Janette Scott (jettison British stardom of the day), Lilliane Bassett, Alex Davison.

PARADISE MY SORROW (94 min)—Unit, 1962. Early A&C vehicle parodies South Sea Island romances with Bud and Lou doing some funny routines and stylized villainy by the great Lionel Atwill. Typical in that A&C's slowness continually seems about to permeate into something a bit better than mere staidness, but never does thanks to Universal's unwavering dedication to its cloyed-melodrama formula. Virginia Bruce, Laila Erikson, Ink Spots, Ger. E. Katoen.

PARIS PLAYBOYS (82 min)—AA, 1964. Hattie Hall plays scientist in another vaguely sci-fi styled Bowery Boys saga. What can we say except that this is a standard run-of-the-mill entry directed seemingly over the phone by William Douglas and even shorter on production values than the cheap Monogram classic of the prior decade. It takes place in Paris, so expect plenty of rear projections. Leo Gorcey, Vespa Voss.

PARANOID



PARIS WHEN IT RAINES (119 min)—Par, 1964. The anti-life breath of director Richard Quine links this fairly novel idea for a comedy without a trace. Screenwriter William Holden has only days to write a second script and hires Audrey Hepburn (and why not?) to help. Episodic samples of horror play, spy films, western, love stories and comedies falls flat despite screenplay by George Axelrod. Film story co-authored by Julius Daviner, Maurice Dwyer, Noel Coward, Mel Ferrer, Fritz Corfi.

PASSPORT TO ADVENTURE (84 min)—RKO, 1944. London charwoman Ella Leitch is protected, she thinks, from harm by a "magic eye" owned by her late husband, and sets out for Berlin to kill Hitler and end the war. Sounds more amusing than it is, but worth a look for Ella's cheery performance, Gordon Oliver, Lloyd Corrigan, Lester Arner, Fritz Feld, etc. Ray McCarey.

PATSY (101 min)—Par, 1964. Offensively dull, gratuitously Jerry Lewis comedy (he directed) has Brechtian ending added seemingly for the delectation of his more astute European admirers. Otherwise comical stunts in plot (about bellboy groomed to replace a dead comedy star) are on usual quantized Lewis level, with grotesque wiggling aplenty and rampant use of verbal slapstick and, weighing most to back ground, prop stars for Lewis's ego, Peter Lorre, John Carradine, Everett Slovic, Phil Harris, Keenan Wynn, Hans Conrard. Color.

PEARL OF DEATH (85 min)—Unit, 1944. "Cripes!" Ronald Hoffman vs. Sherman Holmes and Dr. Watson in another modern update of Doyle, directed with his usual stylish precision by Ray William Neal. Punk script makes this a lesser series entry, but Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, with the screen's Holmes and Watson as exquisites, are terrific as ever. Evelyn Ankers, Dennis Hoey, Miles Mander, Helen Harker, Mary Gordon.

PEEPING TOM (101 min)—Astor, 1960. Michael Powell's masterpiece of sadism has Karl Boehm as mad filmmaker obsessed with filming women at the moment of death, an

want be better along by way of inspiring them with the phallic tripod leg of his camera, surely, truly Seven stuff available to be only in a censored version titled *FACE OF FEAR*, which nudes and subplot about Robert's side-as-a-sole photographer. Complex, fascinating low-budgeter is probably the strangest of his student film, and the director plays the role of a cold-blooded father in crafting home movie segments. Variable performance from an oddly matched cast including Anna May Wong, Melba Moore, Nigel Davenport, Elmond Knight, Shirley Anne Field, Miles Malison. **Color.**

FEAR GYNT (95 min—Brands, 1941). David Bradley's 1941 grad school had teenage Cherisse Hazell in lead and as such rates its distribution. Otherwise it's imaginative and even a bit anachronistic considering its low cost origins but unmistakably student film-making. Bradley showed style and talent with a 1932 MGM "B" *ISLAND TALK ABOUT A STRANGER*, but later efforts have been dubious.

PERCY (102 min—MGM, 1971). Leading British double-entendre comedy about the world's first penis transplant. How can they run this as a sex film? Because it, they'll find a way eventually. In the meantime, you're not missing much, apart from a neat comic turn by Denholm Elliott as the dismembering surgeon. [Spare, believe it or not, is the world's greatest female? Elsie Crenshaw, 1911. Elsie, Myrtle Bennett, Sue Lloyd. **Color.**]

PEOPLE, THE (72 min—Metromedia, 1971). TV film directed by Jon Kory, a sensitive and very personal filmmaker (*THE CRAZY QUILT*, *RIVERBEND*) who brings a quiet, unpretentious touch to this uncomfortably obvious story of a teacher's discovery of a group of all look who's offing his strange powers. The cat and video-oriented to make much impact, but occasionally interesting. Kim Darby, William Shatner, Dan O'Herlihy, Dave Van Dyke. **Color.**

PERFECT WOMAN, THE (72 min—Eagle-Lion, 1948). Mild school fantasy about an adult woman whose "perfection" is designed to show up society 1940s. High grade criticism under Bernard Kravitz' static direction. Nigel Hutton, Patricia Roc, Stanley Holloway, Irene Handl, Miles Malison.

PERFORMANCE (106 min—WNL, 1970). It's tempting to blame the failure of this 1968 British fantasy about quality and reality on co-director Donald Cromack (DUFFY) and credit co-director cinematographer Nicolas Roeg (DON'T LOOK NOW) with its successes, but the truth is probably more complex. Pic was shelved by 7-Arts, re-edited by Warner

Bros. several times over a two-year period, and emerged as perhaps the most accurate picture ever. It's bound to be salvaged in a further cut and laundered version that will make no sense to anybody, but try to catch it immediately. James Fox, Mick Jagger, Anita Pallenberg. **Color.**

PERILS OF PAULINE, THE (95 min—Cine, 1947). Hooters attempt to moderate and tamp up the Pearl White case format quickly betrays its pilot origins. Lots of jumping up and down in full motion, no amusement in marauding adventures of former Dodge Girl Fern Rulien (Pauline) with Austrians, inside gymanst, amorous genital, etc. June, Pat Bonine, Terry-Thomas, Edward Everett Horton, Karl Malden, Dr. Herbert R. Loefer, Josh Shelly. **Color.**

PETER IBBETSON (84 min—Par., 1935). Seldom seen fantasy drifts from George Du Maurier's novel is one of Henry Hathaway's (*KISS OF DEATH*, *THE BLACK ROSE*, *TRUE GAIT*, *AIRPORT*, etc.) more interesting efforts, a heady romantic film in which condemned Gary Cooper lives his romance with dundered Ann Harding only in dreams. Slow and dramatically doped in spots but has its moments. John Halliday, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Wilder.

PHANTOM CARAVAN (61 min—Famous, 1954). Private eye Don Ameche battles Indian sect in Southwest in one of a series of groundbreaking 1950s made-for-TV movies. Conscience without merit, or interest. Genie Graham.

PHANTOM FIEND (62 min—Cineplex, 1932). British remake of *THE LODGER* is hardly the equal of Hitchcock's silent version. Ivor Novello is the breeding musician suspected of those foul killings and an eccentric young Jack Hawkins is a noisy reporter. Seldom shown today and, unfortunately, being as only an early British take can be. Screenplay by Miles Mander and Paul Scott, no less. Elizabeth Allen, A. W. Renscomb, Barbara Everest. Dr. Maurice Elvey, who made more than 200 British programmers in his time.

PHANTOM FROM SPACE (72 min—UA, 1953). The ever popular W. Lee Wilder (Billy's brother) brings his memorable brand of thoroughly overstuffed sci-fi (to say the least) to this moderately dull sci-fi about an invisible space invader who runs around some realistic locations doing nothing in particular for longer than one night's work. We recommend "Future Shock" or Jack Segel's "Marsmen." Ted Cooper, Warren Nash, Rudolph Anders.

PHANTOM FROM 10,000 LEAGUES (95 min—ARC, 1956). Radioactive rubber-suited



PETER PAN (77 min—RKO—1933). Most charmingly animated interpretation of James M. Barrie's children's classic. One of the Disney studios' last "Gladstone" feature-length cartoons before so-called "Disney-style" animation became influential (often misinterpreted) art technique began to prevail in the Disney organization. Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, "disappears" from his own world. Conscience overcomes and transports them magically to wondrous fantasy adventures. All very beautifully done, backed by excellent score and songs. **Color.**



Joe Johnson in *PLANET FROM OUTER SPACE*.



SEE MONKEY KING fisherman and audience lured to their deaths by amazingly varied gaudy shocker. The trouble really begins when vulnerable audience members deposits are lacerated and there's a monster around, you see, and he's guarding it. The deposits look lovely like facial matter. Though, it does the whole plot. Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs, Hildegarde Storton, Dan Miller, later to reach his peak with *FROM HELL, IT CAME*.

PHANTOM KILLER, THE (81 min—MGM, 1942). A William Desmond remake of a Bill Rosen original! Such an understanding has to be a specialized delight that even the most ardent film buffs can appreciate. If Rosen's original version seems better, it's probably because 1933 movies tend to retain a bit more charm than 1942 movies, although this one does have the added dimension of Monty Ward doing his "Meg. Mystery involving dead mums and lady reporter has slightly better plot than usual for Monogram, but otherwise it's murky lighting and grab bits all the way. Joan Woodbury, Dick Crabbe, Joe Hamilton, Warren Hymer.

PHANTOM OF SOHO, THE (92 min—PRC, 1937). Headline Editor Wallace-style Garmen trailer from Bryan Wallace story. Investigation of disappearance of prostitute Londoner reveals... nothing special. Has a certain sordid atmosphere, however, and bad dubbing. Oscar March, Barbara Rutledge, Miss Schrier. Dir. R. J. Gottlieb.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (88 min—UFA, 1928). Time and two subsequent remakes have not tarnished the magnificent quality of this great classic. Lon Chaney is superb in his grand role as the Phantom, a brilliant mad genius who rules the colossal Paris Opera House from his complex underground domain under a wave of terror. Homage to classical Greek legend of Ophreus and E. A. Ryan's notion (originally "Masque of the Red Death") is vividly evident. Despite overall stature and greatness, it suffers several serious flaws stemming from studio-director conflicts. Most of film's best facets may be attributed to Chaney's secretarial supervision and personal direction. Mary Pickford, Norman Kerry, John Miller, Arthur E. Carrawe. Dir. Rupert Julian.



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (82 min—UFA, 1942). Generally considered Arthur Lubin's best directing job, but this admittedly limited craftsmanship worked to far better advantage in *HOLD THAT GHOST AND FOOTSTEPS* in THE PDC. To make a few, Claude Rains is sympathetic as the Phantom, despite the excessive footage devoted to top-billed Nelson Eddy and Baseline Foster. Plenty of opera, probably too much for today's tastes. Lacks much of original's Gothic mood and quality, though saved by Rains' performance, and a great Opera House chandelier-crashing sequence absolutely superior to Chaney's. Excellent Hal Rosson Technicolor cinematography shows your station doesn't show a crummy Salomon print.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (54 min—UFA, 1942). Not a very satisfactory Hammer remake is less than an "S" version, but despite production and almost touching performance by Herbert Lee as the Phantom, it's weakened by unexciting scenery treatment, campiness with dwarf assistant and all-campier singing by Missie villain Michael Gough. Hammer Seers and Edward de Souza make colorless romantic combo, always a weakness.

Bobo Chubb in *PRESSURE POINT*.



In this property, matters are hardly helped by a little erratic editing (including a weirdly off-center close-up of great build-up as the film's key villain, Gough completely drops out of sight without any explanation), nor by the addition of added footage to tie in with Inspector Liam Neeson's continually forming up the plot much like the economy chapter in serial used to do. Thelma Houston, Anne-Marie, Katrina Troughton (in a funny way as a rat-catcher), Dr. Terence Fisher. Color.

PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE (84 min—WB, 1954). Obviously can't compete with the excellent '38 Lugosi original (*MURDERERS IN THE RUE MORGUE*). For without 3-D this is really an awkward, mediocre mad doctor-slasher genre tale, directed almost with no style or pace by Roy del Ruth (*HOUSE OF WAX*, *REUNION*) based on Poe's story. Good age suit (Charlie Grimes), though. Karl Malden, Patricia Medina, Steve Forrest, Claude Rains—and not on the age, see Mrs. Griffin. Color.

PHANTOM PLANET (82 min—A. Crown, 1961). Atrocious space opera cheapie has Johnstone Deane Frederick's directing on strange planet and battling monster inlander to little of little people. As badly and elaborate a pic as you've ever seen, even has decent epic value. Patricia X. Bushman is superb as the space lady and Deane's film does her specialty of the mute girl who miraculously regains her voice in time to warn the hero of danger. Carmen Gray, Tony Deane, Richard Webber. Dir. William Ashland.

PHANTOM SHIP, THE (85 min—Gaumont, 1934). A ship on fire, a ship on fire, and you know it's a disaster. It was first released under original British title, *MYSTERY OF THE MARINE CELESTINE*, and was the very first feature pic made by the company that eventually became Hammer Films, thus Bela Lugosi stars in the first Hammer horror! Many of interest as a curio and because of Lugosi, otherwise slow-paced and crummy even for its day. Shirley Gray, Dr. Gordon Cline.

PHANTOM SPEAKS, THE (88 min—Rep., 1948). Dead murderer's spirit returns in and inhabits the body. Familiar but rather nasty dose,

certainly one of Republic's more stylish B pictures, directed by the unimproved John H. Auer. Richard Arlen, Lynn Meyer, J. Bentley Rogers, Tom Powers, Jonathan Hale.

PHANTOM STRIKES, THE (86 min—MGM, 1940). Sidney Selby (*The Lady Verbliss*, *Meet Them to Munich*) and Michael Banton (*Dead of Night*) produced the '38 British import, shortened for U.S. double bills. No, it's not invisible underworld strikers for higher weeps or anything like that. Anybody can't let 'er! (Only available here, based on Edgar Wallace's *The Ringer*, J. Wilfrid Lawson, Alexander (Hilary) Hume, September 19, Walter Ford (*THE GHOST TRAIN*, *TIME FLIES*, etc.).

PHANTOM TOLLEDOOTH, THE (58 min—MGM, 1968). Released in '68 after initially poor distribution, Chuck Jones, most likely due to the Danny Brown, is disappointing with his preachy allegory based on Norman Jeter's 1961 tale about how he rescues the Pharaohs Rhyne and Reuben. The Doldrums Swamp sequence, though, sink along with the world-primed film on the undead Sars and Rales, the Reddington. Popcorn on the Pogo, *HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS*, and his first feature, *GAY PURSUE*. Live action at beginning and end stars Matt Jarvis. Would like to see briefly in which can come on the trolley. Voices: Mel Blanc, Hans Conrads, David Butler, Cindy Candace, etc. Color.

PHYNK, THE (91 min—WB, 1969). 1969—the year they'd make anything as long as it seemed "youth oriented." Unintended because it turned out to be so awful, this cynical attempt to exploit the fame of veteran film performers and thereby create a new Monty-style smart rock group of so-called deserves to be world-primed in the U.S. to its ideas. Such luminaries as Leo Gulliver, Hantz Hall, Johnny Weissmuller, Jay Silverheels, Andy Devine, Pat O'Brien, Buffy Berkeley and Barbara McGuire (who's been only a few, none of whom ever made a name for us as they are kidnapped by criminal organizations and rescued by the Phynk, the aforementioned would-be singers. Truly embarrassing may be seen again in this column, and that's saying something. Dir. Lee Katze. Color.

PHAROAH'S CURSE, THE (86 min—UA, 1937). Minor living mystery thriller set in 1902 with luckless natives possessed by bloodthirsty Pharaoh's soul and knocking off members of The Expedition. Reunited directed by mediocrity specialist Lee Stempel, who's also in the lead. Such a picture of lead Mark Davis, whom three studios will recognize as the Mr. Clean of early talk to commercial. Dick Brewer, Tennessee Derringer, Ziva Shapiro, Karl Ralph.

PICTURE MOMMY DEAD (88 min—Embassy, 1964). Best David O. Russell's triumph stars Silas Spectator (Lynn Collins) and Susan as a teenager fresh out of a seminary who sees apparitions of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Sounds like a hopeless case, doesn't it? The total absurdity of the picture is compounded by buildings and of girls with blue marks like around them makes this an antipathy Gaudin film, and believe us it could have used them, too. Anytime. Worth the flyer. Signs Haise, West End Corey. Color.

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE (111 min—MGM, 1945). Rupert Lewis' interestingly sparse adaptation of Wilde's fantasy about the decadent young fellow (personally a semi-biography of Wilde) whose condition worsened over in his portrait is wretched even in typical Porton terms. But a perfectly cast Hurd Hatfield delivers the performance of his life (recreating maybe his appearance in *MICKELBY ONE*), and Henry Scolding's Oscar Wilde cinematography uses MGM's top to good advantage. Certainly far superior to the low-budget, plastic 1971 Helmut Berger version. George Sanders in one of his best roles (as a man). Excellent score by Herbert Stothart. Peter Lawford, Roger L. Jackson, Douglas Reed, Lowell Gilmore, Billy Bess, Miss Mander.

PIED PIPER, THE (80 min—Crest-RKO, 1937). TV musical which looked awful on theatre screens doesn't look quite so bad back on it, but it's still cheap and tacky enough to justify being picked up for distribution by J. Gordon

Slummy, whose taste in such matters is not exactly exemplary. Shameless humming by Van Johnson, Claude Rains, Kay Starr, Jim Backus, Ceder.

PILLOW OF DEATH (84 min—Uaw., 1945). Final entry in the ineluctable sanctum series emphasizes supernatural aspects more than previous titles and is all the better for it. Lawyer Lon Chaney murders his wife but is driven batty by her spirit and a noisy psychic investigator. Typical Universal fun for if you're in the mood. Brenda Joyce, J. Edward Broderberg, Sessalee Ivers, Dr. Wallace Fox.

PINOCCHIO (74 min—RKO—1940). The Disney company's second feature-length cartoon, following *SUNDERBAND* (1937) and remains among its greatest productions, and rated by most Disneyists as their favorite. Story told of large wooden marionette, Pinocchio, granted life by the good fairy to keep lonely, childless old woodworker Geppetto company. Some sleaze (and, perhaps, film's most memorable character) Jimmy Cricket acts as "Pinocchio's" conscience, billy natter, etc., and sings one of those ballads over, "When You Work Upon A Star." Classical fantasy punsters strikes out in numerous areas, on many levels, adventures galore, great touches of horror (i.e. Pinocchio and mouse kids are turned into donkeys in evil area disguised as a magnificent amusement park). A film masterpiece! And great songs and music! Color.

PINOCCHIO IN OUTER SPACE (71 min—Umw., 1988). Reagan-US animated cartoons intended as sequel to this original with real-boy Pinocchio getting so obnoxious the Good Fairy turns him into a puppet again. He has to perform feats like capturing Retro the Space Whale. Mostly reminds you that *PINOCCHIO* is probably Disney's masterpiece. Color.

PIT AND THE PENICILLIN, THE (90 min—AIP, 1961). One of Corman's most uneven Poe films was completely new (well, different anyway) Richard Matheson script as springboard for enigmatically controllable insanity in the castle hollow, with Vincent Price in fine eyeball-rolling, scarily-champing form. Problems include awful hairage-to-black Nicholson-performance by John Kerr (who acts like he was mugged on the way to the studio), but Barbara Steele in her only US horror pic is still the voluptuous sin we all know and love. Shoddy in version begins with added sequence of Louise Anders in madhouse relating story in flashbacks (okay, so she wasn't present during most of it, credit her with a good imagination). Anthony Carbone, Patrick Westwood, Color.

PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES (90 min—Fox, 1985). Surprisingly effective entry in a gloriously moribund sub-genre benefits from good John Dillling direction, nice if modest Hammer production and convincing performances. Rague in Cornish village leads to discovery that local square has revived the dead to work in his tin mine. Attempts to read this as a labor-management social statement are a bit far-fetched, but it does have a great, up-from-the-grave cemetery sequence. Anne-Marie, Diane Clark, Brock Williams, Jacqueline Pearce, Color.

PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE (76 min—MCA, 1959). From the hammy intro by Criswell to the hammy afterward by Criswell, this grade Z 1956 home movie masquerading as a theatrical film is an unalloyed delight, making rank amateurishness to the level of high comic art. Residents of San Fernando, California are terrified by UFO's in the shape of thousands plugs which revive the dead, if not the audience, in one of the crinoid graveyard acts ever seen. Among the diabolical is the actually dead Bela Lugosi, via shrink film

clip that looks like test footage for a remake of *SCARED TO DEATH* and is as an appropriately morbid joke. For Johnson's sake (his headings make this his greatest role [so usual accomplishment, conspiring], and perfectly incompetent support is provided by Vampira, More McKinney, Lyle Talbot, Tom Keene and others too numerous to mention). Screenplay, production and direction by Edward D. Wood Jr., a name to conjure with. Wow.

PLANET OF BLOOD (86 min—AIP, 1966). Plot, cheaply made space opera has green alien women from wrecked spaceship draining blood from earthling astronauts who rescued her. Director Carlos Harrington (*NIGHT TIDE*) is surprisingly disappointing, bringing no discernible style or talent whatever to this assembly-line affair, the only imaginative portions of which are special effects sequences lifted from a Soviet space movie. Basil Rathbone, John Saxon, Joel Meredith, Dennis Hopper, Florence Marly, and Forrest J. "RPM" Ackerman. Released as *QUEEN OF BLOOD*, Color.

PLANET OF THE APES (112 min—Fox, 1968). First of the Apes uses his patented Charlton Heston "standing on planet where intelligent talking apes lord it over human slaves, his achieved a certain cult status despite being ferocious of idea and obnoxiousness of social satire. Originally a project of Arthur P. Jacobs, Blake Edwards and Rod Serling for Warner Bros., Jacobs persuaded Fox to go ahead with it after MB pitched out strong proposed \$11 million budget. Edwards with Drew and Michael Wilson rewrote Serling's script. Francis Schaffner's direction, with its penchant for superfluous arty angles, is the weakest link, but thanks to John Chambers' capricious ape makeup and good hammy playboy by Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Marlene Dietrich, James Whitmore and James Daly as apes, pic is great fun. Final shot, the



physics in *Destination, Tokyo* impact in that it weaves what breaks it into two separate shots. **Color, Assassin.**

PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES (88 min—AIP, 1959). Fabulous comic strip sci-fi director Mike Maza at his most visually inventive. In *Planet of the Vampires* plot about disembodied in habitants of planet Aia seeking escape by invading astrologically dead bodies is simple kidstuff, but Maza's well set night side movie visuals make it a fascinating trip. Several memorable sequences, notably the dismemberment of a resurrected corpse ripping off their plastic shroud, and a scene with a gigantic alien skeleton. Dubbed dialogue runs the gamut from "Let's get out of here!" to "Let's get out of here quick!" Gary Sullivan, Norma Bengali, Daniel Aranda, Ed Miranda. On to *DISMON PLANET, Color.*

PLANETS AGAINST US (98 min—MGM, 1961). Saul-Peter Granger sci-fi about alien with weird magnetic powers has some interesting moments, but cutting from angular 195 minute length and censored dubbing make it a bit hard to drink. Michel Lenoir, Marie LaPlante, Jany Cler, Dr. Romano Ferrate.

PLUCKED! (50 min—UMC, 1967). Weird Italian-French thriller doesn't quite fulfill the promise of its lurid title (it's "Gina Lottigiana—Plucked") but qualifies as a film currently moving murder, self, social comment, sex perversion and violence in distinctly European tradition. Check producer Jean Louis Trintignant, psycho-sonic seduction activities will be completely missing from it. Showing, plot is puny with one little grain crushing machine and many Gwa Ashin, who is plotting with his own lover

with him and his friends. At least this explains how Patrick Magee popped up as one of the sex-covered corpses in the climax of *BLOOD BATH*. William Campbell, Anne Rivers.

POURTRAIT OF JENNIE (84 min—Sundance, 1949). Struggling artist Joseph Cornell suddenly finds perfect subject for a painting: a drudge, smothered child (Jennifer Jones) who becomes years older each time they meet. Grand stunning moments in grandeur series fantasy (from Robert Neuman novel), especially fantastically beautiful winter scenes in NYC's Central Park; effect, though, is somewhat marred by purple-toned writing by producer David Seidman, Jennifer's husband, who interfered throughout production, incessantly rewriting and reshooting. At one point he scrapped and re-shot the entire film at a cost of \$4 million (about \$11 million, after bad review reaction to a added new ending, the spectacular stereo-sound score sequence, shot at an additional \$250,000. Beautiful late August cinematography, lovely written dialogue. Could have easily been one of the top all-time elation but for certain times. Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway, Henry Hull, David Wayne, Lillian Gish.

POWER, THE (108 min—MGM, 1949). A major disappointment from George Pal, based on Frank M. Robinson's novel. Jumbled, confusing, rambling, seemingly silly screenplay is badly served by Byron Haskin's imaginative direction. All the potential is there for a good and meaningful SF film, but producer Pal's feet seem to be stuck in the mid-50s so far as adult approach is concerned. One see brilliant moment (Andre Reg's first ap-

pear Vincent Price is uncharacteristically humorous study of 1950s catatonic Ray Milland, whose deathlike seizure leads him to a certified of premature interment. Likewise enough but somewhat staidy pic has a few nice moments with ripe dawn dark winding corridors (symbolic of the return to the womb, Roger Povich out happily), but as a whole it fails to come off due to rather lugubrious script credited to Charles Bennett and Ray Russell. Hazel Court, Richard Ney, Heather Angel, Anne Harper, John Deane and Dick Miller comprise better cast than usual. **Color, Fantastic.**

PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE (82 min—Par, 1952). William Weinman's fascinating tale about Kennedy is seldom shown today but is definitely worth viewing as one of the more bizarre political curiosities the movies have given us. With Europe at war, wealthy American bankers and munitions men try to smear the beloved president while maneuvering the US toward war for their own greedy purposes. Allied with these hounds are the fascist Grey Shirts, a terrorist group sponsored by a wealthy oil man. When the oil suddenly disappears on the day he is to deliver his big answer speech to Congress the country is plunged into gloom and hysteria. Cinema is a gem of 30s philosophy. Arthur Byron, Rosalind Russell, Edward Arnold, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Andy Devine.

PRESIDENT'S ANALYST, THE (88 min—Par, 1957). This phenomenal satire may yet emerge as one of the key films of the 50s, but not in its entirely reworked, torn-down revision. Paradoxical fantasy of Galtieri president James Coleman, whose old patient is the President, sees him on an on-stage scene



to tell Trintignant and take over the office business. Suspense isn't really exciting, creating headliners, with good children's material. Watch for comic Dr. Silvio Geronzi. **Color.**

POINT OF TERROR (95 min—Crown Int'l, 1971). Actor Alex Nicol directed this grade-C Crown-int'l, special in which nasty rock musician Paul Carpenter kills his way to a score love-line. Mikes suddenly and violence for it, this will be even cruder, "Twist" ending. Portrayed better in *INVASION FROM MARS*. Dylan Thomas, Lory Hansen, Paula Mitchell. **Color.**

PORT SINISTER (65 min—RKO, 1952). Submerged pirate ship emerges from sea four times in 200 years. We missed the first time, but this time treasure hunters encounter giant lobsters. Minor gem has little distinction other than leading male name—Mr. James Warren (of course, not the James Warren). Loris Roberts, Paul Cavanagh, William Schallert. Dr. Harold Daniels. Re-issued as *BEST FROM PARADISE ISLE*.

PORTAL IN TERROR (74 min—AIP, 1968). This is complicated, to pay attention. When *BLOOD BATH* was released in 1966 it underwent some baffling. Parts were quite striking, but most of it was terrible. Now it can be told. Producer Roger Corman bought up an uncompleted foreign film featuring Patrick Magee from which he took pieces that, combined with new footage shot by Jack Hill and Shekhae Ruffman, formed the core of *BLOOD BATH*. The leftovers, its same, were stitched together into the "modern" horror pic which seems to have no story whatsoever and appears to be composed almost exclusively of

sequence, but otherwise a batch, except for photography and Mikes Ruffan's score. George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Richard Carlson, Michael Rennie, Arthur O'Connell. **Color, Fantastic.**

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (74 min—UA, 1956). Here are set in 20,000 B.C. with scientific (for the time) costumes on the prowl for husbands and countering of exposure and the inevitable hot-crazed women on the way. Pretty fair in its day, now just monotonous. Hard to believe Lionel Lincoln shot this, which is actually about as accomplished as an episode of *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN*. Grand courtesy of Laurette Luez, Allen Nixon, Max Lynn. Dr. Gregg Taitel. **Color.**

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (88 min—Fox, 1959). One of the most incredible Hammer projects ever (from its inclusion 7 Arts days) has the legendary Rex Harrison as the leader of a bunch of beauty jungle girls who subjugate men in a lost African kingdom where time has stopped. Plenty of semi-made British sex and mayhemed plastic symbolism can't keep Harrison from stating what there is of the pic to ideal, coming through as easy and imperious as ever. Watch for silent-cut civil rights symbolism when jungle babes wear white rhino (actually African) native wearing head-bags long on nose. Pic is undeniably bad if weren't released in England under the years after completion, in 74-minute version titled *SLAVE GIRL*. Carol White, Elaine Rose, Michael Lander, Dr. Michael Cerrito (who's not). **Color, Fantastic.**

PREMATURE BURIAL, THE (82 min—AIP, 1952). Corman's third Poe pic and first with

America that trenchantly captures the absurdity of life in their glorious decade. Political aspects make it almost documentary in these days of federal capricious and stolen signs. All the more arresting because director-actor-writer Theodore J. Flicker's invest subsequent efforts have never fulfilled the promise shown here. Severe especially a prolonged sequence in which Countess first meets girlfriend Joan Dealey and gets moved up with underground Ritebabe—obvious and poorly written, these bits were wisely left out of the theatrical version that have been revised from the cutting room floor and isolated into the revision to comply for the numerous occasions of violence, dialogue and active. Try to catch it at a revival house. Good humorous performances from Severn Darden, Geoffrey Cambridge, Edward Franz, Pat Harrington and Walter Burke in his greatest role as Henry Lux, (labeled as head of the FBI whose agents are all even shorter than he is. **Color, Fantastic.**

PRESSURE POINT (91 min—UA, 1959). Hubert Cornfield, one of the more often minor directors, brings a nice visual sense to this very old but well acted Stanley Kramer production about a young American Nazi and the black psychiatrist who tries to get inside his mind. Nice fantasy sequences. Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin, Carl Benton Reid, Paul Pate.

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY, THE (88 min—Par, 1938). Lovely grade-B gem with studio publicity director Reginald Denry unmaking a killer in a movie studio, dressed with great economy and maximum strokes parlayed by Robert Florey (*MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE*). Includes great horror

film parody, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Rod LaRoque, Conway Tearle.

PRIVATE EYES (84 min—AA, 1932). Huntz Hall develops misleading powers and falls a gang of four thieves in another grade-C entry directed with monumental distillation by Edward Bernds, who also co-scripted. Bernds' name on anything means go out for a walk. We hope Huntz doesn't read your mind while you're watching. Leo Gorcey, Joyce Haddas, Robert Osterloh.

PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, **THE** (125 min—UA, 1978). Billy Wilder's elegant comedy presents a rather effete, cocaine-addict Holmes (Robert Stephens) and charming plot about a supposed Loch Ness monster, but the pacing will seem funereal to Rathbone-Drake devotees. Even so, meticulous production, witty script (Wilder and J.A.L. Diamond) and good supporting cast (including excellent performance by Chris Lee, here helmed as Sherlock's brother Mycroft) make it fun for those who can dig the approach. Colin Clive, unfortunately, is all wrong as Watson. Thorley Walters would have played it. Score by Miles Minko. Genevieve Page, Irene Handl, Stanley Holloway, Clive Revill, Catherine Lacey, Colin Firth.

PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, **THE** (87 min—Udx, 1960). Not exactly a must-see (since few people in the civilized world have been able to make it through to the end), but with direction indebted to both Mickey Rooney and Alfred Zupatoff (affectionately known as "Zug" by his legions of fans), it's worth a look if only for its status as a sort of dry run for Zug's masterful and astounding **CONFESSIONS OF AN ORGUM LATER**, in



which his usual vulgarity and non-style mingle in a once-in-a-lifetime combination to produce a true piece of pop poetry, a concoction so artless as to become its own definition of art. Honest. But we're supposed to be talking about **ADAM & EVE**, aren't we? Please cast dreams in back in the Garden of Eden in a series of flat-footed color fantasy sequences which make the b/w modern scenes seem awash-worthy in campiness. Mickey Rooney, Marie Van Don, Tuesday Weld, Martin Miller, Mel Tormé, Fay Seely, Carol Kellaway, Paul Arns.

PRIVATELY (82 min—Udx, 1967). After **THE WAR GAME**, Peter Watkins turned his futuristic vision to the top scene with this unbridled disaster. It begins very perceptively with a satiric "bondage" rock number that effectively presaged today's Axl Cooper movement, but falls totally in presentation of pop art manipulated into totalitarian puppet by conformist-minded political forces. Watch the "TV screen" style drive vicious performance from Paul Jones in the lead and bland narration and dialogue fill your head with message vases. He also steals shamelessly from the Canadian Paul Anka documentary **LOVELY BOY**. **W.D. in THE STREETS**, no longer a novel, was more intelligent treatment of the subject. Beautiful photography by Peter Sachlitzky, Jean Strimling, Mark London, Max Bacon, Color.

PROFESSOR BEWARE (93 min—Par, 1939). Fine supporting cast and potentialities a plenty are thrown away in one of Harold Lloyd's final flimic excursions. Lots of Lloyd's usual inimitable burlesque, fuddy-duddy routines involving him as eccentric archaeology prof

who's got to get to Egypt for a "special" finding, but never gets there because of numerous obstacles (many of which are supposed to be hilarious but simply aren't). Many of Lloyd's old plot-lines re-used, especially slight occult gimmicks about a so-called Egyptian sorcerer that turns him from mild misanthrope into a cat-rat superman. Interesting time-water but curiously dated. Dr. Elliot Nugent, William Frawley, Lowell Standen, Phyllis Welch, Raymond Walburn.

PROJECT MOONBASE (85 min—Lippert, 1951). We can only assume that Robert A. Heinlein's co-scripting credit is a case of "no name only" so far as this incredibly static sci-fi programmer about establishment of fly facilities on the moon is concerned. Richard Widmark directs in a style best suited to early 50s fr. Moviecast would have helped, but this, alas, is a "scientific" effort. Donna Marshall, Hayden Rorke, Ross Ford, Color.

PROJECT X (87 min—Par, 1958). Plot of this William Castle sci-fi fantasy is not enough to make us with his approach were a little less obvious (in fact this movie was made with it in mind). Secret agent Christopher George, circa 2118, is in the know about a Sato-Asian secret weapon, so scientists outfit him with a new personality at a union of the lab. In a facsimile of sci-enviro-art they make him think he's a robber hiding out in a farmhouse with his gang (actually the scientists). Doesn't work, quite, but offset enough to avert a look. "Psychotic effect!" by Hanna Barbera, Greta Baldwin, Henry Jones, Monte Markham, Harold Gould, Koryn Luker, Color.

PROJECTED MAN, **THE** (77 min—Udx, 1967). Scientifically trying to project itself himself around like **THE FLY** he's an accident, emerges as disfigured a creature, so what else is new? Okay make-up and abrupt climax add up to watchable but unconvincing British programmer. Mary Peach, Bryant Halliday, Norman Wooland, Robert Allen, Dr. Ian Charles, Color.

PROBE (100 min—WB-TV, 1973). Feature-length pilot for short-lived "Search" series. Here, if separate, grimed-out futuristic detective hero Hugh O'Brian has implants which enable his every move to be monitored and sometimes controlled by team of scientists. Format slightly similar to "Time Tunnel" series, otherwise it's routine by staff about gun robbery with nice Burgess Meredith-type performance by Burgess Meredith, Cleve Hutton, Douglas H. Vogel, Tomelch, Dr. Ross Mayberry, Color.

PROJECTIONIST, **THE** (86 min—Marbo, 1978). Harry Hurrell's comic look at film buff fantasies of New York movie projectionist Chuck McCormack is occasionally inspired in its juxtapositions of old film clips, but the live-action stuff is unconvincingly managed, and McCormack's endless dreams of himself as a costumed superhero are repetitious to the point of boredom. When good, this is hilarious (check the commercial for the Judeo-Christian Good Guy kit delivered by impeccably ardent Robert Staals, for example), but when it's bad—which is about half the time—it's nearly unbearable. Some more rereading, though, and rereading could have yielded a buff vision. Hurrell's talent, though, and his later work on **RICHARD** was much better. Ina Balin, Rodney Dangerfield, Color.

PSYCH-OUT (86 min—AIP, 1958). One of the pins, along with **THE SAVAGE SEVEN**, that caused people to think greater Richard Rust would emerge as a major talent—a notion which **GETTING STRAIGHT** caused rather delicately. Rust simply cannot stage action convincingly, a weakness hidden fairly well by Lenko Kovack's dreamy telephoto cinematography. All this one had to recommend it these days are notable values and some very naturalistic and funny, if stoned, performances by Jack Nicholson, Anne Marcks, Max Julien, Dean Stockwell. Surve Strangers is dead get searching Haight-Ashbury for her crazy hairy brother (Bruce Dern, looking like a homage to **Melior Monnier**). Great fantasy sequences are embarrassingly dated. Interesting highlight is cast presence of late director Robert Kelton (**COUNT YORGA**) and Henry Jaglom (**A SAFE PLACE**) as well as artist



Opposite page, left to right: **THE PHANTOM CREEPS—PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES—THE PHARAOH'S CURSE—Christopher George in PROJECT X—Adam the Privateer's final YES—REHISTORIC ROMAN** (below)

realists of Nicholson's sister-in-law Helen Leland, AIP cutting from 100 minute length purifies the plot and renders the climax unrecognizable. Color.

PSYCHO (108 min—Par, 1960). A masterpiece, perhaps Alfred Hitchcock's finest! Best horror film, surpassing even Robert Bloch's novel (see COF no.14). Not only is it Hitch's most profitable production but



weak sci-fi-ish undertones. Someone's invented an anti-missile scrambler that throws them off course, hitting wrong targets. Fair because none of them hit the studio. Frank Wolff, Rosaura Coma, General Leedy. CV, Mario Caserio. Color.

POCCOMANIA (65 min—Lewial, 1938). Early part-negro horror film, starring black actress Nina Mae McKinney (star of many early black theatre and film productions). Notorious female gals dabbling in voodoo practices to use to lure new large Louisiana plantation, interlocking but dated, reminiscent of WHITE ZOMBIE. Dir. Arthur Leonard. Jek Gerlet, Ida James.

POISON AFFAIR, THE (110 min—Francis-Lord [French], 1955). The late Henri Decoin, importantly involved with French film production since the 30s, created this badly dubbed mélange of the occult and occult. Devil worshippers, black mass, auto-mechanism and something for periscopeology buffaloes interwoven with cork into a pseudo-scientific, gripping fantasy-horror. Daniels. Darnaux, Anne Vernon, Viviane Romance, Albert Remy, Paul Meurisse. Color.

PORDOWN (54 min—New Asian, 1965). More of that alien-from-far-away game, and their strange reasons for clearing the air on Earth. British made, perhaps more revealing. CLASS names sound weird: Zoot Money (we did you not), Richard LaCane. And to balance it out, Oline Keen, Jane Bates. Dr. Fred Marshall. Color.

THE DOLL (La Femme—195 min—Producers, 1962). Very offbeat French surrealist comedy-drama, starring Simone Tied who doubles as the heroine and her scientifically created double. Responsible for all the fun and madness is a mad scientist who discovered means of duplicating anything. Roland's wonderful Genevieve Dean-late and late 2D spine Cy-burial (ASHES AND DIAMONDS, SARDON-50 MANUSCRIPT) stars. Catherine Milner, Dr. Jacques Barlat. Color, Scope.

POWER OF THE WHISTLER (66 min—Cul, 1948). Fortune teller's cards predict death for armoured hurricane killer Richard Dix. One of the eight highly acclaimed, well-made B-budget whistler films (based on the hit radio series), initiated by such talents as Cornell Woolrich, several directed by William Castle. Lew Landers (THE INVICTA, RE-TURN OF THE WHISTLER) directed this one. John Abbott, Janis Carter, Tala Birel (remember her in THE MONSTER MAKER), Jeff Donnell.

THE PRIEST AND THE BEAUTY (80 min—Dole, 1963). Lightning hits priest, on repeating comic-strip, he witnesses startling phenomenon as beautiful woman dives into water and is transfigured into a hideous snake. Film so far unreleasing to general US market. Dir. Koji Shima. Rubei Ichikawa, Ayako Wakao, Yoko Uno. Color.

PRINCE OF SPACE, THE (125 min—Teel, 1955). Unreleased so far to general US markets. Sort of Samurai saga in space as Prince Prince does a Flash Gordon, fighting against weird enemy aliens and others threatening Japanese sovereignty and the tani yaku industry, he wins the fight. Dir. Eijiro Yawabuchi. Tetsuya Umetake, Yukio Sakai and an all-star cast. Color.

PROFESSOR CREEPES (63 min—Duke Inter, 1942). Early black exploitation comedy-horror. In an A-list N' Andy Wein and understandably but unfortunately suppressed, stars the wonderful Gladys Marshall as a partner in down-and-out detective agency, while pretty secretary Margaret Whitten uses tricks and disguises to fight off creditors. While partner is out looking for a new day, Marshall has weird dream about herms whose boyfriends disappear mysteriously, involved is her uncle, a negro Lugosi, practicing black arts, a portrait and typical but fun-filled spooky house stuff. Dr. William Bredwin.

PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES, THE (15 min—Rex, 1948). Cell-film and first tedious, but still redemptive, feature serial released as D-DAY ON MARS. Let all who dare laff at the Purple Monster's ridiculous mask and gobs quack in their boots and be warned they may watch the whole damned serial in one sitting, it's true kind of stuff. Aliens threaten to in-



Opposite page: **PLANET OF BLOOD—PROJECT MOONBASE—THE PHANTOM EMPIRE.** (below)



vade earth, but are defeated by 2-squad: his, girl (A) and Spencer Bennett, Fred Brennan's direction. One of the worst serials made. Cones Moore, Linda Stirling, Roy Barcroft, James Connel, Bud Geary, Mary Moore.

PURE IN BOOTS (90 min—Rodriguez, 1949). Even if original Mexican version was crude and unintentionally professional for several makes, K. Gordon Murray Un-cubed edition (bubbling out all over TV and special slide matrices that finally learned a lesson) relies on a new helms. Many of these Mexican make kiddie films actually have interesting makeups and horrific enough ideas that could almost be with THE B-SCHOOL, and can scare the members out of wading all they require are professional direction. Dr. Roberto Rodriguez. Rafael Menez, Humberto Dupuyron. Color.

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE has caused some sensation since it surfaced to the screen many months ago (and now planned for re-release). Deemed by CoF as one of the more important SFantasy/horror entries in the last few years, we now tackle it with not one or two, but with four (4) points of view of varying size and hucs.



The Legend of **HELL HOUSE**

Regardless of the quality and quantity of all American International films that were produced under James H. Nicholson's imaginative leadership for more than sixteen years, all his AIP features were but prologue to THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE. For, sadly, this is undoubtedly the best "ghost house" film yet made, rising superbly even above such heralded ghost-shocker classics as THE UNINVITED and THE HAUNTING. I say *with*, since this was the first and last production that would have been the first in a series of higher caliber SFantasy films produced by Nicholson for 20th Century-Fox.

A HISTORY OF HAUNTS

Few films dealing with the supernatural have been very successful in conveying a sincere and frightening quality. In the last sixteen odd years, probably **CURSE OF THE DEMON** and **BURN WITCH, BURN** are among the landmarks; indeed, both are, in the very least, minor classics. The essence and embodiment of true evil in **DEMON** and **BURN WITCH** are, however, personified by very tangible and identifiable characters.

THE UNINVITED and **THE HAUNTING** are different—their evil "personae" are represented invisibly by malignant forces that control traditional Gothic styled ghost houses.

In **UNINVITED**, two opposing spirits of the dead fight each other, one evil, the other good. The evil ghost tries to destroy an innocent young woman (Gail Russell) and all who stand in its way, but is finally exorcised by the girl's friends (Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey), with the invaluable aid of the good ghost. Filmed in 1944, the film was unusual for its time, containing some genuinely intriguing spook sequences.

In less than 20 years Robert Wise's **HAUNTING** went further, adding more fright appeal... Unlike most ghost films and **UNINVITED**, **HAUNTING'S** evil is the complete house itself—a ghost, amorphous-like entity that has mysteriously claimed other lives, absorbing their spirits and integrating them forever as a part of its total, driving horror. But rather than innocent visitors as its ten-



Above, Mental medium Florence Tanner (Pamela Franklin) encounters terrifying psychic forces while in a trance. Below, Ben Fisher (Roddy McDowall), Ann Barrett (Guyll Henricus) and Dr. Chris Barrett (Glen Ver-80) are involved in a frightening moment of unworldly investigation.

ants, a group of "ghost hunters" arrive to crack the mystery. The evil house, though, is too formidable and seeks another soul for its terrible collection and, in the end, claims its victim, Julie Harris. The psychic investigators are defeated. One of them, Russ Tamblyn, a former non-believer and a militant scoffert, stands (at the finish) with his associates outside on the grounds surrounding the abominable place, and declares, "It should be burned down and salt spread all over the ground."

HELL HOUSE

What author Matheson did was to integrate some of the best elements from the above into **HELL HOUSE**, with a slight, slick science fiction veneer. The adventure starts when wheezing and eccentric millionaire Roland Culver challenges a group of ghost hunters to investigate "the Mount Everest" of haunted houses. A worthy challenge, especially since one of them, Chris Revill, believes that his exotic, super-scientific equipment will not out and expose all the spookiness. His colleagues will use their own particular occult and precognitive talents.

But as their investigation progresses, the House's evil grows relentlessly. Its source is allegedly the spirit of a once very perverted person, a physical giant who in former life experimented deeply into dark and fearful practices. His spiritual power now appears harnessed to some mysterious and diabolical science of his own invention. As terror mounts, the evil spirit stands or, rather,





Physicist Dr. Russell (Clare Howell) records medium Tansler's (Pamela Franklin) reactions while she is in a trance. Below: **HELL HOUSE** deduces warlock upon its unseen visitors. Opposite page: Flo Tansler (Pamela Franklin) is viciously attacked by a strange black cat (the House's feline).



spooks its way around, undamned. All of Revell's sophisticated gadgetry is of no avail, and he dies horribly. When all of the surviving ghost hunters are in mortal danger, Roddy McDowall goes into one of the best screen tantrums of his career, and by some incontestable reasoning he solves the mystery of the House's awesome ghost: it's revealed that the creature was never a six foot-six giant but a disgusting fraud, "Probably even shorter than five feet-two... maybe even shorter," roars McDowall at the air. And, of course (as screen tradition has it), nothing seems more repulsive than a very short pervert, scurrying around, pulling off all his dirty tricks on everyone.

Proving his point, McDowall exposes a secret chamber where the fiend's body sits in a chair in a state of perfect preservation—and worse yet: in real life the fiend amputated his legs and replaced them with a set of remarkable artificial limbs to appear tall, stork and graceful. Even more frightening: he looks like Michael Gough. The more you think about it as the seconds pass, the more you know it IS Michael Gough!

The film's final denouement is almost ambiguous enough to annoy—it concludes with an ominous close-up of the House's feline, a cat, leaving one with the thought: maybe there'll be a Son Of Hell House. Incongruities and flaws aside, **HELL HOUSE** is one of the best scary films in a long time. — CTB.

HELL HOUSE 2

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE was adapted by fantasy great Richard Matheson from his superb novel, "Hell House." One would normally assume that the movie would be as great as the book, since a writer is expected to take special care with an adaptation of one of his own works. Unfortunately, this assumption is false in this instance.

Not that Matheson didn't spend time on his script. Like most of his work, his script for HELL HOUSE is both literate and entertaining. The film does suffer, however, when it is compared to the original novel. Matheson's book makes for extremely harrowing reading, piling shock upon shock, and leading to a suspenseful climax which is almost majestic in its creation of tension in the reader. The film cuts down on much of the novel's gore and emerges as a rather pallid outline of Matheson's own initial delicious concept.

It is hard to determine on whose shoulders the blame must fall for the rather bland effect of the film. I can say with some certainty that HELL HOUSE suffers from an overabundance of good taste. Granted it's refreshing among today's horror films which abound with senseless, repulsive violence, to come upon a film which is mindful of its audience's sensitivities.

But HELL HOUSE concedes the gothic approach and seems reluctant to shock moviegoers in the slightest degree! Thus, although Matheson's novel had the potential of being the greatest shocker of the year, the film seems to be as dead as its ghosts due to a lack of scenes (with one exception) which can really be termed "horrifying."

The film's blandness is doubly reinforced when one compares it to its equivalent in the novel. The novel plunges the reader into a universe of almost inconceivable evil as the author gloriously describes the depraved lifestyle of Emorie Blaisone, whose blood-drenched spirit roams Hell House seeking new victims. The film has Roddy McDowall tell of Blaisone's perversion in about four or five sentences which imply more than they reveal.

The book has a shocking moment in which Florence Tanner offers her body to one of Hell House's ghosts and finds a leering, rotting corpse squatting on top of her. In the film, Pamela Franklin, after making love to the ghost, merely opens her eyes, looks into the camera and screams. The audience is left to imagine for itself what has terrified her.

Even the climax of the film is adapted by the one in the book. Matheson's novel has Fischer bravely confronting the ghost of Blaisone who appears in an awesome six-foot-six demon with fangs! The same scene in the film reduces this ghastly apparition to a mere "wand" which hovers through the house and baffles Roddy McDowall around.

The sad thing about the film is that the principals' excellent acting, creative sets, clever photography, and generally aggressive direction by John Hough are constantly driving home to the viewer the knowledge of what this film could have been.

If you haven't yet read the novel, you may enjoy the film. Certainly, it has an interesting story, a surprise ending in the best Matheson tradition, one memorable sequence (Pamela Franklin getting attacked by a murderous black cat), and, what's more, a classic (and completely uncredited) cameo appearance by a talented horror star.

— Carmen Michalski —

HELL HOUSE 3

Of all horror film sub-genres, the *house of horrors* tale is the most refined. Its most violent is the string quartet. For countless individuals expose themselves to a sensation which is a mix of psychic tension; their per-





sound arrangements are streamlined, plucked, and finally stopped by the building's bad vibrations. The Richard Matheson novel from which *HELL HOUSE* is derived is a crudely compelling collection of horror fables which are far from disgusting, but certainly horrendous. Indeed, the carefully selected bits of this book could negate the first and best of all of them: the great irony—namely, that a ghostly atmosphere is a ghosted concept. It will be shattered by shabby treatment from, unfortunately, its precisely the hand-man who this tale is accredited to its movie.

Below: A terrified Ann Dusenry (Gayle Hunnicutt) is haunted from a broomstick seat by misanthrope Sam Fisher (McDowall). Below: Roddy McDowall goes into a howl, beset by evil forces from the right and the left, very much, to say the least.

incarnation. The film offers a flat, strangely lifeless production design, uninspired direction, cheap, tedious color processing, and a musically mediocre electronic score. In his ill-advanced eagerness for a PG rating, Matheson has supplied a screenplay which compromises his original story to the point of emasculation. For example, the decent possession of a pious evangelist (Famela Franklin) is robbed of its considerable dramatic impact if the only foul language she's permitted to utter are a couple exclamations of "f---."

I respect the shorthand and condensation by which Matheson's novel is ably held to the film to a manageable length, however, I am nonetheless dismayed to consider all the worthwhile material he was forced to leave out. How are the performances? Miss Franklin is a diamond in the rough. Co-star Roddy McDowall exudes. The film's sole surprise is a dyed-in-the-wool horror veteran Michael Gough as the corporeal hunk of the ghost who's the culprit in this haunting.

— Paul Rosen —

HELL HOUSE 4

Mrs. Matheson's final production effort fittingly recalls the better days of AIP, although this British-made spooker suffers from the same flaws that tended to keep most AIP product from attaining classical levels.

Occult expert Clive Revill and wife Gayle Hunnicutt join misanthrope Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall in creepy mission to investigate ghostly goings-on. They encounter poltergeists, hokey ghosts and a nice unbelieved surprise bit by a former AIP house veteran. Amazing stuff benefits mostly from a cosmic situation, atmospheric visuals and a few neat shock sequences, making it lotsa fun until the let-down by badness ending which nullifies and contradicts half the intriguing plot twists that came before—many of which seem serious red herrings in retrospect (scripter Richard Matheson again turns one of his better novels into correspondingly mediocre screen fare). The biggest asset comes from director John Hough who continues to exhibit stylish flair.

— Joe Dante, Jr. —

Talking to MIKLOS ROZSA

The following interview with composer Miklos Rozsa took place shortly before the general release of *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*; consequently the film is referred to as the originally scheduled title, *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*.

'I am very proud of *Ben-Hur*.'

It is not Charlton Heston the star speaking; neither is it William Wyler the director.

It is MIKLOS ROZSA, who composed the music.

'It took me nine months,' he told me, 'I think it is the longest score ever composed for a film. Film scores are much shorter today, there is much less background music. Films of the thirties and forties tended to be overwhelmed by music.'

Dr Rozsa's music is so perfectly integrated that we cannot imagine *Ben-Hur* without his Love Theme, his Procession To Calvary, his Parade of the Charioteers, his Christ Theme.

'Usually the composer is called in when the film is finished and being edited,' said Dr Rozsa, 'but I was fortunate to have been connected with *Ben-Hur* from its conception. I wrote most of it in Rome, often seeking inspiration on long walks in and around the Eternal City, imagining the multitudes of long ago in the Circus Maximus where I wrote the music for the Circus and Victory Parades.'

'I don't know what the children, who were playing football where once the great Circus stood, thought about the strange man striding up and down, beating time to his own humming and whistling and making notes in a little book.'

No doubt Miklos Rozsa was invited to compose *Ben-Hur* because of his previous musical excursions into Roman history. He wrote *Quo Vadis* eight years earlier in 1951, and *Jullius Caesar* in 1953. *Quo Vadis*, in fact, began what he calls his "historical period", a ten year stretch which included *Isashoe*, *Plymouth Adventure*, *All The Brothers Were Valiant*, *Knights Of The Round Table*, *King Of Kings* and *El Cid*.

Highlights in the movie music life of MIKLOS ROZSA. Left: Receiving his Oscar for his *Spellbound* film score, 1945. Ginger Rogers made the presentation. Right: Composing the music for *Ben-Hur*, 1959. Our headline picture shows him conducting his music for *The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes*, 1969.



TOP SCORER



'My composing life seems to have run in circles,' he said. 'In my early days I wrote the music for *The Four Feathers*, a picture which was set in the Sudan. For a time I then wrote for other pictures with more or less oriental backgrounds: *The Thief Of Baghdad*, *Jungle Book* (not the Disney cartoon), *Five Graves To Cairo*. Then I wrote *Spellbound*, which led me to *The Lost Weekend*. Then came *The Killers*, a gangster melodrama requiring a new kind of musical score, brutal, exotic, strident, and of course I became "type cast" for a time on such tough pictures as *Brute Force*, *Naked City*, and *The Asphalt Jungle*. That was in the late forties, and the historical pictures followed in the fifties.'

'I got on very well with John Huston on *Asphalt Jungle*. He knew exactly the sort of music he wanted. Hitchcock, on the other hand, could not understand why I needed six weeks to write the music for *Spellbound*. "I shot the whole picture in six weeks," he said. To which I replied, "But was it written in six weeks?"'

His piano concerto score for *Spellbound* in 1945 won him his first Oscar. He won two more for *Double Indemnity* and *Ben-Hur*.

Miklos Rozsa was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1907. He began learning the violin at five and actually wrote a student march at seven. In his

twenties, when he'd had a few classical pieces performed, he was impressed by the music composed by Housheer for the film *Les Misérables* and felt that here was a fascinating new musical field into which he might venture. Settling in London in 1936 he composed a ballet, *Hesperia*, which was seen by the director of a film called *Angels Without Armour* starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich. Rozsa was asked to score the film and so began his "war-old queer with a stop watch is one pencil in the other, fitting the music to less than 90 movies."

We have heard nothing new from *The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes*, he used his violin concerto, perfect years earlier. But now he is writing his for *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*. Then

into which a few a score subject





Young Abu, the light-fingered crook — Thief of Bagdad, finds it no hardship to live by his wits in the great Arab city.

Nevertheless there comes the day when Abu, caught red-handed, lies in jail awaiting execution, but the light-fingered crook steals the key from the jailer and also releases from the dungeons the handsome Ahmad, likewise condemned to death, but no criminal! Ahmad is rightfully king of Bagdad, betrayed by his wicked Grand Vizier, Jaffar. They escape to the riverfront, seize a boat, and sail down the river to Bams.

Bams is ruled by an aged Sultan, who has an only daughter, the ravishingly lovely Princess, so lock upon whose fate is punishable by death. Ahmad, defiant of the death penalty, saves his eyes to the beautiful damsel and is enraptured. Ahmad secretly visits the princess in her garden, vowing eternal love. She confesses love for him also.

This same day the aged Sultan has for his guest the Great Jaffer, in his disguise, the Sultan collects mechanical toys. Jaffer brings a gift — a life-size horse which flies with a rider on its back. The Sultan may have the horse in exchange for the hand of his lovely daughter. The dismayed Princess, overjoyed, prepares for immediate flight. Disguised as a boy, she gallops off to the quay.

The sorcerer, searching the grounds, discover Ahmad and Abu in the garden, and bring them before the Sultan and Jaffer. Ahmad challenges Jaffer to a fight. His answer to Ahmad is a magic curse, rendering him blind and changing Abu to a dog. He adds that not until he, Jaffer, holds the Princess in his arms will the spell be broken.

Weeks pass — months. The fugitive princess is brought back captive to Bams and sold at last to Jaffer. But his triumph is empty. The Princess, now his property, lives in a prison. Jaffer knows that only Ahmad, on whom she calls constantly, has the power to awaken her.

which takes him back to his early film scoring days, to *The Thief Of Bagdad*, for example, which he composed in 1940. I, personally, am looking forward to *Siebel*, for it has two top men in their respective fields working on it: Ray Harryhausen, supreme in special effects and monster making, and, of course, Miklos Rozsa, top scorer.

Norman Taylor

THE CAST

Jaffer
Abu
Princess
Ahmad
Djinni
Sultan
The Old King
Halima
The Merchant
Astrologer
Singer
Jailer
The Story-Teller

Conrad Veidt
Sabu
June Duprez
John Justin
Rex Ingram
Miles Malleon
Morton Selten
Mary Morris
Bruce Winston
Ray Petrie
Adelaide Hall
Roy Emerton
Allen Jayes





Because of the following extensive reviews and space taken by several of this issue's special features, **FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE** is temporarily omitting several of its usual articles. Critiques on books, comics, magazines and other subjects will be back in the next issue of *Cad*.

THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

Robert Walter Jr. (E.A. Poe), Cesar Romero (Dr. Gozard), Tom Drake (Adam Fossell), Carol Charni (Lise), Mary Green (Lorelei), Marc Minko (Lover), Frank Packard, Karen Hartford, and others.
Cineprod./First Lancers Corp. (1972). Directed by Mohy Guandor, script by Mohy Guandor from story treatment by Kenneth Hartford, Damon Foxe, makeup/pd by Byrd Holland, Color.

Now it can be told, if you've ever wondered about the dark secrets of Poe's mind (not revealed even in *The Love of Edgar Allan Poe*) or the source of his inspiration—particularly the identity of Lorelei—then this new epic from a curiously pseudonymous crew of filmmakers is for you. Recounted with peipatoic alibeco earnestness by Poe's pal (Tom Drake), it seems the events of a single night give the French (their favorite American author, Alfred batallioe goldmine of the 60s and Vincent Price an assured course, but anyone with the slightest concern for the quality of what-he-pays-in-size will feel less than satisfied with what is probably the spitting together of two different stories.

Lorelei herself is seen mostly in supposedly typical slow motion, a large made of hair floating up and down against garden greenery. The effect, unfortunately, is that of an over-the-topiness trying to rid itself of flesh. After the typical bit, there's the teasing bit, the romping bit, the intense reflection bit. Backed by the wall of a theme song as contemporary made, it's strictly contemporary sentiment in contemporary sets—though, so be fair, it should be mentioned that the prep man has succeeded in finding a genuine gas dookoo which dates at least to Calum Coolidge.

Logical parabolism, however, proves too much for the ill-colored sweatshirt who colleagues, apparently dead, in the arms of Poe, to be consigned posthumously into a coffin, from which she is used only with head blown and hair whitened.

The territory then becomes very familiar indeed: the solitary man by the centrally experimental doctor with the foopie name (Cesar Romero) and his apparently efficient but unreasonably assistant (Carol Charni), the deformed murderous monster, the torture chamber, the remarks like "What sick mind could have imagined this?", the nocturnal shufflings through conveniently lighted corridors, the creaking behind corners, the unidentified hand reaching from out of frame to

retrieve the deadly weapon, the heroines getting their at the scene of ultimate horror, in this case a snake pit filled with water and the protagonists in jeopardy on a raft in the middle. At that point, and earlier, when Lorelei appears mysteriously in his arms, an embarrassed rather than terrified Poe mutters "Hello!" It's hard not to interpret this as a plea for some speakable dialogue, let alone direction.

Our hero, we've told, was never the same again, but his experiences are unlikely to make an impact on anyone else. Poets may well object to the fact that no poems ever appear, but with so much due to object to, it seems churlish to do so.

—Graham Ray

DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN (ET Hombres Que Voz Del Cosmos)

Michael Rennie (Dr. Deo Wernoff), Karen Dor (Mistress), Garg Hill (Henry Kinnard), with Patty Sheppard, Paul Natchy, Peter Duncan, Diana Scott, and others. 81 min.
James (Madrid) Baskery (Moush) (Vital, Jagan (Rome), (1973) Dr. Tulo Demachello, pod, Jagan Prader, English version by Petri Rierhof, apd by Antonio Molina. Color.

This ill-dubbed effort is hardly the first all-star monster rally, but let's hope it's the last. Increasing the threefold horror to infinity seems to mean a corresponding decline to zero in inspiration. Incidentally, this is not to be confused with the U.S.-made *Dracula vs. Frankenstein*, which underwent several years of title changes before bumping upon the scene like a delayed time bomb in 1972. This European film has yet to reach American screens, and more than likely will go directly to TV, doubtless under another title.

Intelligent costumes from planet Uranus plan a takeover of Earth by exporting all those traditional figures which bring fear to most mortals and pious expectancy to horror film exhibitors the world over. But there will be little welcome extended from any film-going earthlings for this appallingly incoherent jumble of confused confrontations. *Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, the Wolf Man, the Mummy, the Golem* (or their Spanish equivalents) go through cramped routines in laboratories or bedrooms. Come to think of it, the Golem never arrived—at least, not in the British version.

The monsters carved one another out and in the end admit defeat. In taking over human (not of) bodies, they're still left with a residue of human emotion, and what eventually proves their undoing is (could you have guessed?) Love. Michael Rennie, in what may sadly have been his last screen appearance, heads a tailless (or thoroughly listless)

capt. Here he is even re-voiced, probably posthumously, by another actor and as deprived of one of his most effective assets—just as Nigel Cowen's dancing mad hypnotist role, in the otherwise lackluster *Riding Class*, was marred by posthumous dubbing.

Not that there's any attempt, as in *Day The Earth Stood Still*, to make use of Rennie's unique physique. Come back, Gort, all is forgiven. Watch the show, anyway—preferable to watching this. Even in a crowded field, it's a fair contender for worst film of the decade.

—Graham Ray

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN

Rico Embury (Joseph E. Levine), 104 min, 1973. Dir. by Mike Nichols. Color.

Were it not for the exceptionally high hopes one usually associates with a movie starring up star George C. Scott, director Mike Nichols and writer Buck Henry, *DAY OF THE DOLPHIN* would be dismissed as a pretentious yet generally pleasing movie for unsophisticated general audiences—and that's exactly what it is: a sort of pseudo-Disney film for matrons-and-the-family. Yet the remarkable thing is that it's being touted as such, much more. While it's quite in keeping with the prestigious talents involved, it's misleading to assume that more sophisticated fans will be happy for the experience. The fanciful plot (from Robert Merle's novel) has Scott as a research scientist who teaches his lovable dolphins (Phi and Psi) to speak English, a circumstance which renders his creations less endearing and more precocious than their more dim-witted predecessors. Hyper. The mystery and enchantment surrounding these demonstrative mammals disappears somewhat when their thoughts are made clear in voices that approximate Jean Hagen's voice star speak in *Singing In The Rain*. When mysterious "foreign" powers decide to use the dolphins to assassinate the President, the drama makes out on a golden opportunity for parody. But, unfortunately, the intent is for seriousness as the dolphins go back to nature. Fully aware of what a net loss is and unworthy of their goddess, Nichols and Henry seem unaware that at their dolphins were preceded as Christ figures by a rock singer and a swagman named Jonathan, and that by now the analogy should be stale even for the hipsters. Cinematography, music and color (William Foster) are indeed marvelous, though, as is George Delerue's music score. Brian De Vore plays Scott's wife, and Fritz Weaver is the villain.

—Ann Deane

THE LONG GOODBYE

United Artists—114 min—1973. Color.

Elton Gould has developed greatly, surpassing anything previously done, and seems to be as content as Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe (a role played in the past by Bogart, Dick Powell and others). Director Robert Alt-



nan—*Images*, Brewster McClellan, M.A.S.H., *The Jerns*, *Dead Story*—has placed *Melrose* in the Seventies, gives him Moore the Cat for a pet, and confronts him with a *Sevens* type psychic, a type not around, or in vogue, when Chandler wrote the original novel. It's a good idea. And it's a good film. But the initial audience reaction was negative, or so it seemed. And since UA is making all the money it'll ever need from the *Dead* movies anyway, it withdrew the film after a few short runs in some cities, and its customary UA wisdom, it was thrown away—only to be played in packed houses in several cult house circuits recently. Here's hoping you get to see it the way *Alman* made it. Certainly the original ad set was no asset—it shows *Melrose's* cat as a vicious animal, exactly the opposite of the way it appears (and reads) across the film. Former ball-player (now CBS-TV sportscaster), beach-talker, irascible Jim Houston is surprisingly good in his important role. Screenplay by Ed. author Leigh Brackett (Mrs. Edmond Hamilton) who worked on the screenplay of Chandler's *My Sister* in 1946. With Barbara Nara van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Henry Gibson (as "Laugh-in" stooge who comes off great in his first dramatic role). —*Marion Fox*

CHILD'S PLAY

Paramount, 100 minutes, 1979, Color.

Thus is the sort of horror film which seems irreparably reasonable as it unfolds, but dissolves into hopeless nihilism when confronted with retrospect. The plot, which should thoroughly satiate any horror teacher, describes the sinister "accidents" which befall the student body of a Catholic boys' school where two rival instructors propound sharply contrasting educational philosophies. Robert Preston is the faculty liberal, a half-fellow-well-met type beloved by his pupils. James Mason is an old-fashioned disciplinarian who presides over a fuddy-duddy Latin course and assigns scads of homework. Which of these is secretly poisoning the academy toward anarchy? Who will be the victor to control the minds of children? The answers are sufficiently difficult to baffle whodunit fans, who should know by now that the culprit is always the one made to look the least suspicious. Perhaps it would be more relevant to ask which is the better actor. The scary moments in this blood-and-thunder version of *Goodbye Mr. Chips* are masterfully handled with organ music and the booming peals of a thundering bass choir. The script unapologetically implies that the repression and sexual unwholeness of a parochial boarding school will transform normal adolescents into murderous robots wanting only an appropriate playground. The movie should by rights have been laden in black and white; the color processing is ploddy, particularly the flesh tones, which were better suited to fish than to humans. In all fairness, however, it should be specified that the protagonists don't get as much sunlight as they should.

—*Paul Rove*

CODE NAME TRIXIE

Warner, 103 minutes, 1979, Color.

Director George Romero displays a knack for formulating *zomboid* byproducts, in his *Night of the Living Dead* a horde of reanimated corpses stalk, murder, and devour all of us normal mortals. Now, in *CODE NAME TRIXIE* (formerly known as *The Cuckles*), he has achieved the supernatural in favor of the greenly probable. A bacteriological weapon finds its way into the water supply of a small rural community, thereby infecting the townspeople with a virus that induces them to a mob of eating manna. The Pentagon is somewhere at the root of this mess, the Army is called in to keep the lid on it. They take typically brutal action, but this film is not simply an anti-military document. A fair share of the soldiers are decent people, while many of the supposedly sane townsfolk are eccentric, unthinking misanthropes. In any case, liberal and conservative audiences alike will consent that a crisis of such magnitude warrants extreme measures; the epidemic must above all be contained. Yet *TRIXIE* is too inconsistent to succeed as a suspense thriller; in fact, it becomes difficult to determine who's supposed to be crazy and who isn't. Unlike the ghosts of *Living Dead*, not all of these marauders are homicidal. Neither does the film carry significant political impact despite undeniable relevance, such as the matter of asbestos recently discovered in the drinking water of Duluth, Minnesota. The movie's only message is that weapons are bad, particularly the biochemical variety. In fact, the only real villains here are bureaucracy and human fallibility; these are exemplified in the disastrous fate of the sole physician to find an antidote to the plague. When told that he must take his discovery through channels, the doctor pathetically flees off the handle, promptly mistaken for a lunatic, placed among the quarantined, and killed during a riot of the afflicted. All hope for a cure dies with him.

TRIXIE isn't a total bummer, though when a contingent of go-madened guardsmen in protective uniforms begin sponging up the irrational, we are treated to the tremendously edifying spectacle of a citizenry at war with its own Armed Services. One scene especially lingers in the memory: an elderly woman sits quietly sewing in a rocking chair. A soldier bursts into the room. The old lady men calmly and stabs him several times with her knitting needles. Then she sits back in her rocker while her *sk 008* him thrashing in a tangle of yarn.

—*Paul Rove*



FANTASY FILM NEWS

Andy Warhol's *remakes* of *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* opened in Paris with veterans of the Warhol school, Paul Morrissey, writing and directing both. There's lots of sex, gore and satire in the films, with *Dracula* getting violently all and enticing blood any dose his victim a girl who is not a virgin in *BLOOD FOR DRACULA*, and Dr. Frankenstein becoming aroused with the pale beauty of his creation's mate in *FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN*. The



(Cont. from page 75)

ANCE (one of the best quality shockers of all time), planned doing *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*, but suffered financial setbacks. *ZARDOZ* shows Tolkien-like qualities, including a heavy slice of Frank L. Baum, naturally.

—*Calvin T. Beck*

The New York critical consensus on *ZARDOZ* was largely unfavorable. This is not surprising considering that 2001 was understood when first released (many of the original opinions on 2001 were reversed). As with 2001, the main criticism is that *ZARDOZ*, while technically outstanding, has a very thin plot line. Actually the film is the most provocative, intelligent science fiction I've seen since Kubrick's *proct*.

Unlike many films with futuristic settings, *ZARDOZ* does not consciously concern itself with life after nuclear holocaust or an authoritarian, 1984-style society. Instead, we see a socially fragmented, highly advanced community called Vortica and a wasteland full of barbaric primitives. Director John Boorman never gives any detailed explanation of how man progressed (or regressed) from 1974 to 2293. Explanations are not as important as the stimulation of the viewer's intellect and imagination.

Whereas *DELIVERANCE* was a good but overused adaptation which did not reach the novel's potential, *ZARDOZ*'s script is more thoughtful and well conceived. Adorned by excellent special effects and the widescreen cinematography of Geoffery Unsworth (2001 and *CARABET*), the revelation of the god *Zardoz's* origins is especially powerful. See "OO?" Century as 2d ever again proves he is capable of handling more challenging roles than "James Bond." And *Charlie's Rumples* (*GEORGY GIRL*) is good support in *2nd's* narrative in *Vortex*.

Undoubtedly these are films in *ZARDOZ*, but I'm frankly too excited about the film to discuss them. Perhaps when I have seen it again—and it is definitely deserving at least a second viewing—I can comment more intelligently. My unreserved opinion is that *ZARDOZ*, in time, may attain the status of a classic in the science fiction genre. In any event, Boorman has joined the ranks of potentially great directors.

—*Steve Meyer*

latter is being released in 3-D and stars Udo Kier as Dr. Frankenstein and Mercedes Vireo as his wife and mother of his child. Kier also plays the title role in **BLOOD FOR DRACULA** and can walk around in broad day light (because the film had an extremely limited budget). Dracula's demise is the most violent ever seen in a vampire film. Another Frankenstein is being also produced, called **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** (produced and directed by Joel Brooks), starring Peter Boyle, Gene Wilder and Chris Lachman, to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

Warner Bros. says **THE EXORCIST** will stay intact, contrary to reports that the script was to be re-shot to clarify the triumph of good over evil. Incidentally, Linda Blair is being considered for the film version of **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**.

Cashing in on the success of **EXORCIST** is **HELP ME I'M POSSESSED**, from Perfection Films, and **MARK OF THE DEVIL** Part TWO.

Along psychic phenomenon lines is **THE REINCARNATION OF PETER FROUD**, based on the Max Erlich novel, to be released by Bang Crosby Productions who gave us **WILLARD** several seasons ago. Incidentally, Elsa Lanchester (who starred in **WILLARD** and the immortal **Bride of Frankenstein**) is receiving the Ann Radcliffe Award from the Coast Doula Society this year for her performance in **ARNOLD**.

Adrienne Paton began filming **E.R. Barrough's THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**, with Doug McClure. And former Tarzan star Ron Eglar appears as Doc Savage in the George Polk production, **DOC SAVAGE: MAN OF BRONZE**. Speaking of TARZAN, Jack Mahoney, who portrayed the ape man in **TARZAN GOES TO INDIANA** and **TARZAN'S THREE CHALLENGES**, and starred in the **STIVEN THE LAND UNKNOWN**, will be one of the guests of honor at **Halloween '84**, this June 29-25 in Houston, Texas. Also appearing at the con will be veteran villains John Sharpe, Kirk (Superman) Alyn and his brother Alan "Seven Faces" Barbours. For more info, write: **HOLIDAYCON '84**, 2511 Pennington St., Houston, Tex. 77016.

Charlton Heston will star in **EARTHQUAKE**, the Mark Robson feature with George Kennedy, Genevieve Bujard, Lorie Greer, Richard Roundtree and former evangelist Marjoe.

The inimitable Vincent Price recently paid a visit to Baltimore where he made the rounds of the local talk shows endorsing Bear's Department Store's home decorating course. Eager to meet this fine actor, whom I have always held in the highest regard, youn truly, George Steiner, along with **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** contributors Steve Weinberg and Bruce Garhart, drove to WJZ-TV's studios where Mr. Price was appearing on "The Larry Angle Show," along with actress Gem Leedom and author Leonard Maltin. We chatted with Mr. Price for several minutes and found him to be extremely friendly and cooperative when we asked him to pose for a special CoE photo and to sign autographs. Vincent Price's sense of humor was also evident, as usual, when I showed him **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, explaining that it was a magazine devoted mainly to monster and horror films, and he quipped, "Oh, I never make any of those kind." Mentioning the Master of the Macabre was an extremely rewarding experience which we'll treasure forever.

Speaking of Vincent Price, horror fans will enjoy the various in-jokes as well as film clips of Karlhoff and Lorie in Price's latest AIP flick, **MADHOUSE**. Though both Price and Cushing received billing in **Scream and Scream Again** and **Dr. Phibes Rises Again**, **MADHOUSE** is the first time these two great

horror stars appear on screen in the same scenes together.

Also out for release by AIP is the Hallmark production of **HORROR HOSPITAL**, an R-rated tongue-in-cheek British horror flick starring Michael (Cresible of *Horror*, *Trog*, *Horror of the Black Museum*, etc.) Gough.

Another horror spoof is Cinema's **DIGBY, THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE WORLD**, about an adorable sheepshead named Digby who drinks a chemical poison and grows 30 feet tall. Predictably, he is treated by the military establishment as just another huge monster on the loose. Fie should be a natural for kids, but director Jon McGrath will undoubtedly include subtle humor slanted for the grownup take as well.

THE PROMETHEUS CRISIS, an action adventure saga taking place several years in the future, will be produced for Paramount by Peter Barr and Max Paleyko, based on a novel by Thomas N. Scotts and Frank M. "The Power" Robinson.

Bob Keiffman, responsible for AIP's **Scavens**, **Blackie Scavens**, is writing the screenplay for **THE DAY THE DOGS RAN**, a terror film about wild packs of dogs rebelling against mankind.

Jack H. Harris (of *The Blob*, *The 4-D Man*, *Dinosaurs* fame) has another sci-fi film in the works called **DARK STAR**. An \$8 million dollar production of **DANTE'S INFERNO** has started in Rome by Franco Zeffirelli. Tommy Howard, who worked on the special effects in **2001**, has been called in for his talents, as well as Russian ballet choreographer Moisseiev to direct the movement of the damned souls in Hell. Zeffirelli hopes to cast Dennis Hopper as Lucifer as composer of the film score.

Fans of **THE HELLSTROM THRONE** will want to read **PHASE IV**, an ecological sci-fi in which mankind battles for survival against a race of super intelligent ants. The film will use excellent insect photography by Ken (Belthorn Chomela) Middleman and the human stars of this Paramount release include Nigel Davenport, Michael Murphy and Lynne Frederick, who is being replaced by Paramount's Frank Perry's **THE GIFT OF FRANKLIN WHEELER** in which Joel Gray portrays a clairvoyant who helps the police to solve a baffling murder case. And also being released by Paramount is **TEAR CUSHING** returning as Dr. Frankenstein in **FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL**.

Inspired by **POSEIDON ADVENTURE'S** financial success, Brian Allen is preparing **THE TOWERING INFERNO** for Xmas '84 release. From a screenplay by Sterling Silliphant, the film is unique in that it is the first time two major film companies, Warner and 20th Century-Fox, have combined forces to produce a major motion picture. The film's international sequences acquisition of **VERBOR** ON HALLOWEEN STREET, a checker to appear on a double bill with **THE TERROR OF BLACKWOOD CASTLE**.

There's a **CHINESE HERCULES**, "the super-human beast of the East—he's got a crush on you"—starring Yang Se, now being released through Bryanston Pictures, from the super-human epic are being filmed in the Philippines and have come about through the success of the wonder-chick character named Darna of the bestselling money market, **FLY DARNA FLY**, starring Vilma Santos. Next on the agenda of the bikini clad, winged belated Darna is **DARNA AND THE GIANTS**. Other Philippine flicks to follow this formula are **ZOOM**, **ZOOM SUPERMAN**, a parody of the comic strip creation, and **SUPER GEE** starring Nora Aunor.

THE MANSION OF MADNESS is a Mexican film based on E. A. Poe's tale, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," and is a mixture of gothic horror and political



Hollywood's great monster-at-large, Vincent Price, meets one of CoE's of Frankenstein's imitators, resident muckraker, George Steiner.

more.

August Flier's first production was started in February—a psychological thriller filming in Toronto and titled **STOP ME**. And Chocolate Chip Productions is filming **HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN** in Georgia.

In 1968 a movie **ZVR, IT'S ALIVE** starring Tommy Kirk played a few apes before ending up on TV. Oddly, the same title was misused early this year by AIP and Warner's, now, though, AIP is releasing it under a new title, **IT LIVES BY NIGHT**. So far, Warner's has done nothing about them which concerns a baby who can people.

Paul Naschy, who played the lead in *The Wicker Man* Vs. *The Vampire Woman*, stars in a number of new films picked up by Profiles S.A. Distributions: **HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB**, with Emma Cohen, **VENGEANCE OF THE ZOMBIES**, with Vic Wainer and Rocky, **THE BLUE EYES OF THE BROWN DOLL**, with Diana Lorys and a **DRAGONIC FOR EACH CORPSE** with Emma Cohen. Others from Profiles are **DRACULA'S SAGA**, **THE LOBBEY'S GRASP**, **REFUGE OF FEAR**, and **THE NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS**.

NEWS SPECIAL The Star Trek crew were apparently a "good investment"—Gene Roddenberry has just started production on a new feature-length theatrical version of **STAR TREK**. In turn, this will act as a "pilot" for a new **ST** series on TV. More info as it comes in will be in the next and all following issues.

Also space-coming shortly: **MR. SUPER INVISIBLE** (K-Tel Int'l), **VAMPIRE'S NIGHT ORGY** and **DRACULA'S CRUEL LOVE** (Int'l's Assessment), **LEGEND OF HORROR** (Int'l's Film), **HORROR HIGH** (Crown Int'l), and Hammer's new vampire opus (filmed in Hong Kong and now ready), **LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES**, starring Peter Cushing.

Several new TV series are scheduled for next fall. Paul Boller, Polly Bergen, Hayley Mills, Barbara Feldon are a few of the many stars appearing in the 23 titles of the super-natural and the macabre on ABC's **MYSTIC THRILLER**. Also in the tradition of the "Topper" and "The Invisible Man" seems to be syndicated **MY PARTNER THE GHOST**.

For sci-fi fans: Martin Landau and Barbara Bain will star in **SPACE: 1999**, so far TV's most expensive and spectacular sci-fi series ever.

AIP is releasing to TV 36 horror features under the title **GHOUL-A-RAMA**, which will include many of the Price/Poe flicks.

And while on the subject of TV, both **THE NIGHT STALKER** and **NIGHT STALKER** are now in paperback form, written by Jeff Rice from Richard Matheson's scripts.

—George Steiner and John E. Pearson

in order to run for office. Then if they continue to want more of the same thing, then they deserve what they get. In the case of bringing exorcism and the fact that it is widely practiced in this country today, to throw a spotlight on it I think is good. I think that when the dust settles, that people will see other virtues in the film.

VON SYDOW AS THE EXORCIST

Von Sydow has a kind of spiritual quality on screen that I immediately thought of. I have a photograph of the actual exorcist plus the man the character is based on. His portraits great spiritual quality on film. I didn't realize what I felt him how much work it was going to take to make him look like that. It was four hours every morning to put that makeup on. Von Sydow is 44 years old and he doesn't have a line on his face, and he's playing a dying man in his last scenes.

LINDA BLAIR (REGAN)

She did everything in the picture. She had no double and no stand-in. It's all her. She is the most totally pulled together, stable, mature young person I've ever met. The whole thing was a game to her. She didn't take any of it seriously. It was very difficult, challenging work, but she was totally unaffected by it. I auditioned over five hundred girls and the studio had auditioned more than thousands before I saw five hundred. Out of the five hundred I saw, there wasn't one other I would even have considered, because I thought that it might do most of them psychic damage. This girl was a rarity.

TIMING THE HORROR SCENES

The scene, for example, where the girl assaults herself with a cross in on the screen, isn't that fully second, and it seems like forever because it's an unforgettable scene that's imprinted on the consciousness of anyone who ever sees it. The only criteria I used was how much of it I could take. I never previewed the picture, never got an audience reaction first. I just cut it and put it out there. A lot of it is even now too much for people, obviously. When you're dealing in an area of taste—and that, more than anything, borders on bad taste, admittedly—you are constantly concerned about the factor of excess. Take a thousand still-makers or any one of you approached with the same scene: any one of you would have made different choices.

Some of you might have chosen to keep it all off screen. Some of you might have had the scene go on for three or four minutes. I think probably Ross Meyer would have made a whole movie about that [laughter]. To me, it was about fifty seconds in this movie. And the criterion is how much of it do I think I can take before I don't want to see any more of it.

THE CRUCIFIX SCENE

This particular scene is the most thought about and talked about scene for the obvious reason that it programs two things that are generally not up-front programmed in the human mind—the two things in the human computer that are so widely separate, kept separate by educational standards, religious standards, the general standards of morality. Sex and religion—they are at wide variance in the human computer. And THE EXORCIST brings them right together. That may be the single most important factor in the effect that the movie has had. It's like when you excavate a morose and all these animals that have been lying there for ten thousand or more years start crawling out. I know that's one of the reasons for THE EXORCISTS, shall we say, "notoriety."

Incidentally, a good part of her [Linda Blair's] voice is used in the film. Some of the demonic voice is your voice, and the rest of it is Mercedes McCambridge. But all of it is either

varied pitch or slowed down in tempo, slowed down in speed, or electronically distorted, or has animal sounds added to it.

POSSIBLE INTERPRETATIONS

There's a scene where the mother [Ellen Burstyn] is swearing on the telephone, trying to reach the exorcism operator to reach her husband, from whom she is separated, to get her to speak to the daughter [Blair] because of his god birthday. And the scene involves the mother swearing on the phone to the exorcism operator on the phone because she can't get through. The scene is used for a couple of reasons. One, it clearly establishes that the little girl is troubled by the separation. Two, it establishes that the profanity that she later uses stems from having overheard her mother who has a salty vocabulary. In other words, it sets a psychological foundation for the girl's psychological and spiritual journey. The loss of the father, the separation, the mother's hysteria under what is normally said a hysterical situation, i.e., by the way, do not see the film as a story of demonic possession at all. I never made the film with that in mind.

Like any good film, it is purposely made to make you think about it, but not to provide answers. There are none. There are many possibilities. One way that I look at the film is as a sort of man by myth. And if you examine the film from that standpoint, you will see a solid underpinning for that argument. If you look at the picture for the second layer, you will find so much stuff hidden in THE EXORCIST. There is more hidden in it than is on the screen up front.

DICK SMYTH, MAKEUP MAN

Dick just happens to be the best in the world. Dick Smith did the makeup for Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain. He did Thomas M. the GOD-FATHER. He did Dustin Hoffman in LITTLE BIG MAN. He's done countless makeups and he's got the skill and the sense the points off most of us from the time we grew up. He's a great man and a great artist. His contribution to the film is without parallel. There is no Academy Award for makeup. It's only a special award given by the members of the Academy when they see fit to give it. If the picture deserves any thing, it's that award for Dick and for Marcel Vanostre, the special effects man.

THE MUSIC

There are seven minutes of music in EXORCIST, and all of the musical selections are from sources that I knew I originally commissioned a composer to do a score. He did a score all right, and I thought it was terrible, just overdone and dreadful. All of the sources that I had given the composer from which to draw were sources that after I had heard his interpretation of them I threw out his score and decided to go to the existing—the original music. In other words, either the actual imitation. Stravinsky, I thought as well, have the real thing. In that case, I knew of a recording by Michael Oldfield, "Tubular Bells," and I thought that it would perfectly set off a couple of moods I wanted in the picture without being sentimental or syrupy. "Tubular Bells" has a haunting, nostalgic, almost childlike quality. I listen to a lot of music. I'm not more influenced by music today than by any other filmmakers. The deepest influence on me in THE FRENCH CONNECTION was the music of Santana. I cut the entire chase sequence to a soundtrack of Santana's recording of "Black Magic Woman." The rest of EXORCIST's music is all from sources of very good, very important contemporary composers that you may not be familiar with: Krzysztof Penderecki, who's Polish, and Hans Werner Henze, who's German, a fellow called David Byrne who writes music for computers; and

there's a little bit of George Crumb, a little bit of Arvo Pärt. Nielsen is really the father of all that kind of music. Small, surreal, very understated.

What I worried—what I think we have in the film—is understated music. The music is just a presence like a cold hand on the back of your neck, rather than assertive.

A NEW ENDING FOR THE EXORCIST

The other night I was lying around in a half-dazed state of mind, fighting sleep, and what happened was that I had this vision of a new ending for the film. So, I'm going to shoot it.

What we're going to do is add a new ending to all presently shot and theatrical prints and to all those released later on. This has never been done before, especially to a successful film. A lot of times they'll take and shoot a film that didn't make it, but our film is well on its way to being the most financially successful film of all time. It's running about 400' ahead of THE GODFATHER now [Jan. 23, 1974] in only 24 theaters.

But this ending, had I thought of it at the time, I would have shot it and put it in there. It just came to me as a vision the other night, so I'm going back to George Town to do it. And the point is that nothing that is in the film will be taken out. It will not be cut. This will be an addition to the present ending that will blow your minds. Those of you who have seen the film, when you see what we add to the ending, are going to be blinded—blinded! It's really strong. We're only playing in 24 cities now and it's adding constantly. By the time I get it shot, it'll be in about sixty or seventy theaters. These prints will be called in and replaced—just the last reel, though. THE EXORCIST has thirteen small reels and six big reels and one little reel hanging over, and it's only that little one, that little reel 13 that I'll be putting in a existing showings, but we're going to put word out to those people who have seen EXORCIST that there is an added ending. As to how long the addition will be: I'm adding less than fifteen seconds, at a matter of fact, but that fifteen seconds, again I freely admit, will have the impact of the whole picture.

THE EXORCIST'S SPECIAL EFFECTS REVEALED

Now, those of you and there are, of course, many—interested in EXORCIST's special effects will be excited as to how they were done.

The shaking of the room was accomplished by balancing the set of the room on a jacking ball which was rocked by stagehands off camera.

The movement of the beds, there were four different beds which specialized in certain effects such as vibrating and shaking. These were operated from behind the headboard wall.

The vomit effect was accomplished by passing tubes under the makeup on the actress's neck and into her mouth. The "vomit" was then pumped through the tubes.

The vision effect was achieved by a remote control device with tubes passing under the actress's nightgown.

The branding effect was achieved by burning the skin, almost invisible wires under latex makeup on the actress's arm. The exposed end of the wire was pulled outward, exposing another layer of makeup. In the film, this was accompanied by a "whipping" sound effect.

The throat bulge was done by the use of inflatable makeup on the actress's neck. The inflation was controlled by a tube which was hidden in the actress's clothing.

The writing on the skin was accomplished with a latex latex stomach. The letters were



first scratched onto the latex. The latex was then heated with a blow-dryer, causing the letters to disappear into the latex again. The process was filmed forward, but printed in reverse in the lab, thus giving the effect of letters appearing on the skin.

The tongue flicking was done with the use of a false tongue made to fit over the actress's own tongue.

The rolling of the eyes was created by fitting the actress with all-white contact lenses. As she opened her eyes, the camera was shooting slow motion.

Candle-flaming-flaming was done by blowing butane gas through a tube hidden under the actress's clothing.

Comedians were simulated by putting the actress in a comest-helm which was operated off camera.

The breathing effect, which was one of the most demanding effects, was achieved by the use of powerful air conditioners which cooled to 10 degrees below zero, but soon became ineffective under the heat of movie lights. For this reason, these scenes (showing the breath vapor) took a long time to shoot.

Interviewer's Note: Fredkin wouldn't say anything about how he created Linda Blair's startling head moving effect, except to state:



"All I can tell you is any way you think I did it is not the way we did it."

Finally, when Fredkin says something about the famous levitation effect, he stated:

"It was achieved by the use of magnetic fields."

However, he would not elaborate on this matter, and since this interviewer distinctly saw what appeared to be wires in the scene at least in the shots from the bedside, Fredkin's post non venit to be self-conceditory, at least on this matter. —SM.

ON FUTURE WORK

"I'll probably stay with the suspense film for a while. I don't think I'll do a comedy, because I believe in surreal comedy. I don't want to do a film where guys are doing jokes, one-liners. That's not a movie, that's Bob Hope program stuff, better done on TV today. And yet there is really only one guy doing visual comedy today and that's Woody Allen, and he's his own director. I'd love to do a picture with Woody, but he works with himself. I feel most comfortable in the suspense film genre. I don't want to do a sentimental romantic story because that's dangerous. I know what it takes to get people to do that, and it's not my bag to do a LOVE STORY or THE WAY WE LIVE. I'd rather do films about 'the way we are.'"

And about my next film — all I can tell you is that it will probably begin with a shot of the exit sign in the theater going out and replaced by an extreme close-up of another sign that says, "No Exit!", and it will be accompanied by the sounds of the doors in the auditorium being slammed shut so the audience can't get out. Really, that's what I'm planning.

Most people, though, involved with any creative medium are notoriously inconsistent or apt to change plans on a moment's notice. So what Fredkin truly has in mind for the future isn't certain. One thing that is, though, is that the "new ending" he mentioned seems at the moment unlikely. Word has also reached us at press time that a new ending was indeed created but has been rejected for the time being. A little more insight into the Fredkin personality follows.

CoF: Alfred Hitchcock is bored with pure production work. Other directors Peter Bogdanovich and Mike Nichols, for example, love to physically edit their films. How do you feel?

WF: I do, too. I edit my own films. I enjoy it more than any other phase of filmmaking. [This, however, is debatable: WF's The Night They Drove Mules Ate was considered a certain failure upon its initial completion; a special film editor was hired to re-cut and to insert special stock footage prior to general release of the film about a year later. —CTB.]

CoF: What directors have influenced you the most?

WF: None.

CoF: Do you admire the work of a few contemporaries?

WF: For example, who?

CoF: I was hoping you would give me some examples.

WF: Well, I said today — weren't you here today?

CoF: Yes.

WF: I said that Stanley Kubrick, you know Stanley Kubrick. You got — everything you got there, I'm gonna talk about tonight, really. You gotta take notes on it because this is boring.

CoF: I'm recording it.

WF: You know, because like I said, Kubrick — boom!

CoF: What about...?

WF: ... and you should pick up on that.

CoF: Peter Bogdanovich, for example?

WF: I don't really wanna comment on other guys. I shouldn't, you know. Good or bad, it isn't cool to comment on other.

CoF: What is your opinion of the auteur theory?

WF: Well, to me film is largely a collaborative medium and a great many people contribute to the success or failure of a movie. I don't put much stock in it.

CoF: What are your future projects?

WF: I'm looking for a film now. I mentioned that again, today. I said that today — film afternoon.

CoF: But you didn't mention the name.

WF: No, I didn't have any. I don't have a specific project. You know, I'm looking to another suspense film, but I don't know which one.

CoF: Many directors are honored by winning an Academy Award. Others feel that the Oscars are often given on the basis of sentiment and do not reflect true recognition of talent. As an Award recipient, what is your opinion?

WF: I was honored to receive the Academy Award. I think it's the highest honor the industry can give.

CoF: We know that you've done a lot of work in New York, including the interiors of THE EXORCIST.

WF: It's just circumstantial. I like to go make films wherever I think the subject is, you know, I finish all my films in Hollywood, but I don't shoot out there because I shoot on location. Most films are made on location today.

CoF: When the writer exercises as much control as Mr. Mally did on THE EXORCIST, is it hard for the director to express his artistic sense?

WF: No.

CoF: The success of a film like THE EXORCIST depends a lot on the expertise of the technicians, who chose the special effects men, the makeup men?

WF: I did.

CoF: Was it on the basis of personal work you had seen?

WF: Yeah.

CoF: Including Billy Whittier's four-minute-epitaph for the Iraq sequence? For example.



William Friedkin and Ellen Gustafson discuss certain details of *THE EXORCIST*'s script.

WF: He photographed *WOMEN IN LOVE*.
CoF: Are there any horror films that have influenced you?

WF: Two would be *PSYCHO*, of course. *PSYCHO* is one of the best films I've ever seen from an emotional standpoint. The other is a Japanese movie called *ONIBARA*. It's a terrific thing. It is the most terrifying film I have ever seen. It's an obscure Japanese film called *ONIBARA* and it'll scare the hell out of you. It's about eight years or ten years old. It's in black and white, videotape, beautifully made. I used a lot of principles of suspense from *ONIBARA*.

CoF: Do you think audiences are more sophisticated today?

WF: I do think audiences are more sophisticated and better educated than they ever were before. First of all, 70% of the motion picture audience today is between the ages of 12 and 29, tends to be better educated, more affluent, more selective in their choices.

CoF: Why are so many Hollywood films today routine and pedestrian?

WF: I don't know that I agree with you that everything that comes out of Hollywood is routine and pedestrian.

CoF: I didn't say "everything."

WF: ... And I won't disagree with you either. I just don't want to be the guy to say it.

AN EVALUATION OF THE EXORCIST And Some Impressions Of William Friedkin

Technically, *THE EXORCIST* is a great achievement. All the special effects are believable and shocking within the context of the story. And, of course, much of the film's success is due to director William Friedkin's ability to heighten suspense and, then, move that satisfy the audience's expectations through pacing and upturning the action well. *THE*

EXORCIST does manage to shock the audience to a remarkable degree, and that in itself is no mean feat.

But, upon reflection, what is the purpose? The horror is shock for its own sake.

Supposedly, there are many levels of meaning in the film. On the dropped pedantic level, it could be viewed as a simple allegory of Christ figure versus anti-Christ figure. Even assuming this, the execution is crude—especially when one compares it to the subtlety of Polanski's *ROSEMARY'S BABY*—and the ending is vague; not thought-provoking like 1961, but simply incomplete and anti-climatic.

The performances, considering the material, are quite good. Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb, Kitty Winn, Max von Sydow, and the late Jack MacGraw (also seen in Polanski's *CUL-DE-SAC* and *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*) very professionally play their respective characters. Unfortunately, their portrayals are not matched and these characters remain largely undeveloped. Friedkin develops the character of Father Karras (Jason Miller) with a little more care. Miller, playwright of *THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON*, plays the role of the guilt-ridden priest with realism.

THE EXORCIST's fantastic success causes me to reflect on the film's place in the history of horror films. When a headline-grabbing, big budget (over 7 million dollars) film like this comes out, it's hard for horror film devotees not to think of the underappreciated, but much better movies in the genre: *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *NIGHT TIDE*, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, the Val Lewton films, and Corman's Poe movies.

In effect, *THE EXORCIST* is an expensive exploitation movie: *THE LOVE STORY* or *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* of the horror genre.

On first meeting Bill Friedkin, the immediate impression is one of charming sincerity and personable appearance. His special attention on filmmaking proved highly entertaining. But, regrettably, many contradictions arose in his

presentation.

When Bill Friedkin arrived on the campus, he was shown every possible courtesy that the University of Georgia's student union was able to extend. However, though he had made ample time to participate in an extensive interview, he chose to evade most questions and I tried bringing up in one special private confab. Among his many excuses was that he would answer every conceivable question at the lecture session, and stated that he wanted to see his voice. When I finally did persuade him to answer questions, he did his best to seem disinterested—but apparently I came thru much better than other, considering a number of magazine, especially *Newsweek*, and news papers were all sent away. So, at least, we may all consider that another feather in CoF's well-earned cap.

True to form, Friedkin stuck to his stock script and the answers he usually gives at lectures and on TV talk shows. When faced with a cerebral question, however, he often reversed his opinions.

During the course of a two-hour and fifteen minute lecture session, a fifteen minute intermission, and another two and a half hour period, he made many sweeping generalizations.

At one time, he said he despised *THE DEVILS* because director Ryo Haseki often sacrificed content for technique. Later he stated that he liked JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL.

"... Forget the message of the text," Friedkin implied that financially unsuccessful films deserve to be unsuccessful because they have no popular appeal. Yet his list of influential films included many... which are not technically commercially successful.

Friedkin refused to tell how the "head turned" special effect was accomplished because it would "spoil" its impact on film, yet he told how most of the other special effects were done in some detail.

In the interview, he said that it wasn't "... cool to comment on other guys [directors]" but in the lecture he commented on several other directors any way.

During the session, he made a definite statement about adding a fifteen second, strong ending to *THE EXORCIST*. In the other session, he claimed it was only "considering" the additional footage.

The most self-contradictory of all of Friedkin's statements, perhaps, is that he claims that Warner and himself have had nothing to do with the sensational publicity surrounding *THE EXORCIST*. This allegation itself is questionable, especially since a great deal of Friedkin's lecture details the reactions of audience and clergyman. Also, just to judge by much of the film's pre-release promotion (that began last year and is half ago) and Friedkin's own numerous cross-country tours and TV-radio appearances, it might be fair to say that *THE EXORCIST* has been a beneficiary of more well-organized publicity and p.r. hype than any film has received to date.

Friedkin sees film functioning in cathartic, to make people laugh, cry, or be scared. He never stresses the value of film as an art form or as intellectual stimulation. As a director, he only serves the audience in a very surface, superficial sense. Perhaps as a good businessman with some understanding of art, he is right; he has a sensitive finger on the pulse of the American public; he knows how to make money. In fact, he may be Kinney Corporation's (Warner Bros. holding company) best candidate as the head of their board-of-directors.

Or, another Mike Todd. A showman rather than a "great director."

Whatever—I find his crassly commercial attitude deplorable. It degrades cinema and lowers it to the level of a carnival side show.

— Steve Myers —



The CoFana addicts GALLERY

Before unleashing another round of preposterous offerings, divers macabre ideas and other weirdness presented by the denizens of this ghastly department, I'd like to give all of you my deepest thanks (and even my fear) for the many cards and letters of appreciation. Some of you were so loving as to visit my only museum and place beautiful (and!) wreaths on the gates. Most touching. A few "leader" types organized torch-bearing mobs of villagers at night to honor me at "special" ceremonies. I'm deeply flattered. But to those who went to the trouble and expense of arriving with sharpened stakes and pellets? I'm completely overcome by such sentimentality!!

And now, here are Van Gho's Rules governing The Gallery:

- 1— No professionals or dealers allowed.
- 2— Keep all info short as possible, other-wise I'll use a scalpel... and cut!!
- 3— Whether or not you have preferences to items, an announcement, etc., just sending in your name is enough—it simply means you want pen-pals.

And, of course—that's whole dept. is free of charge. Just do your thing and mail it to: GALLERY Dept. — Gothic Castle 509 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017.

W. BROWN III, 88 Ford St., New Canaan, Ct. 06840, catwalks most in the genre, etc., and interviews in CoF starting a club.

MICHAEL ANDERDRE, 48 Bay 18 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214, is into Morlocks, Golems, Green Hornet and kindred species.

PAUL RAY, Characters Trailer Park (no. 48), Fountain, Colo. 80812, is just 9 and wants pen-pals.

JOHN FONDREN, P.O. Box 1817, Fairfield, Ct. 06430, does artwork; wants to contribute to comic/film fanzines & subscribe to them.

JONATHAN MOTTIL, 2828 Greenhouse, Annapolis, Md. 20686, stop-motion animation buff, wants any books & mags etc. on this subject & pen-pals interested in animation.

JOHN TOMASULO, 86 Sunset Ave., North Arlington, N.J. 07032, wants all possible info etc. about PLANET OF THE APES.

GAMIAN COLAN, 2148 Betsy Dr., Jackson, Wis. 53219.

PAUL VETZLE, 3479 Proctor Ave., Oakland, Ca. 94618.

CURT SOULIER, 2548 Mifflin Point Dr., Tucker, Ga. 30084, a Chris Lee admirer and, an A-One CoFriend.

JOE KEPLER, Rt. 302, Box 44E, Valley Cottage, N.Y. 10988, publishes Proteus and hosts a local S-Fantasy fan club.

STEVE MUSGRADVE, 107 Mifflin Dr., Sylva, N.C. 21781, a great admirer of the late Lon Chassey Jr. & an A-1 CoFriend.

KERT SLDAN, 1285 Sunset of St., Reading, Pa. 19604, is into film collecting.

BRAD LINDSEY, 283 Cambridge, Stockville, Missol., 36788, into mags, films & stuff.

NELSON W. BLACK, 3322 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Ca. 94501.

TIM STULL, R.R. 6, Box 444, Bloomington, Ind. 47481.

ROGER MAYDEN, 1541 Sherman Dr., St. Charles, Mo. 63301, collects S-Fantasy film mags.

TIMOTHY BEER, 781 Jewett Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314, brews barrels of enthusiasm over new S-Fantasy-horror films.

GORDON CAMPOS, 1251 Latta, Cerritos, Ca. 92312.

BARNEY WALSH, 8408 Chertok, Houston, Tex. 77018, Japanese Monster Time Frank white pen-pals (16 yrs. & older).

JIM AUSTIN, 5 Sanford Dr., Jamestown, N.Y. 14701, all possible KONG info wanted. Ditto anything on Monster on the Campus.

JIM WILLIAMS, 18 Spycraft Ct., Muskegon, Ind. 47450; buys mags, posters, CoF, monster mag or so on at reasonable, decent prices.

R.A. MARAVOLIA, 238 Clifton Ave., New York, N.Y. 07124.

MIKE MURRAY, 218 Pierce Ave., Sharpsville, Penna. 15150, collects films.

JOSEPH KINTER, 828 Coleman Ave., Johnson, Pa. 15802, collects films & interested in Frankenstein's Daughter.

SPENCER CRUMP, Journalism Art, Orange Coast College, 2701 Fairview Rd., Costa Mesa, Ca. 92626; non-Pic films, mags wanted as donations for college library.

JOE HAZDIN, 1843 80th St., Howard Beach, N.Y. 11413, loves the genre, especially CoF to the hilt.

CHRIS ROMANO, 219 E. Wolfenbuehl Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15215; selling stuff, comics and his own fanz, "The Monster Magazine".

LEROY SZIDIK, P.O. Box 188, Coffey, Ill. 62418; veteran CoF fan forced to sell huge comic book collection (thousands), below dealer & "price guide" rates owing to dad's death and mother's illness, soon in sale for catflop.

PAUL W. NIDGINS, Rt. 2, Box 128, Lyndon St., Wisc. 53944.

EUGENE BOLSON, 1222 So. 2nd St., Peala, Missol. 38684, collects S-Fantasy mags.

JOHN REYNOLDS, 5156 Yellowstone (Ca. 22), Chesham, Idaho 83203, collects Bionn films, etc.

PAUL BRADY, 120 Tama, Missol. Mont. 59801, wants to hear from Bionn Bionn-Tombler fans & further info on same.

LAVERN WELCH c/o McHew, 1 Weber Dr., Port Chester, N.Y. 10573, needs contributors & materials to start a fanzine, pays with free sub. Has S-Fantasy mags, comics for sale or trade.

RICHARD TEMPLIN, 307 E. Union St., Tampa, Fla. 33622, selling books, mags, posters, 8mm film at very reasonable prices.

RUSS WISHMAN, R.R. 2, Box 178, Macon, Iowa 50653, will buy any last in Space material & wishes correspondence from any serious fans of this title.

CURTIS INGLES, 1818 Westside, Richardson, Tex. 75081, is a GODZILLA freak who wishes S-Fantasy monster pen-pals.

MIKE LUSHBAUGH, 27 Summer St., Haverhill, Mass. 01746, wishes to collect DARK SHADOWS films & related material.

PAUL ODRAN, 2895 Weibee Rd., Baffins, N.Y. 11518, has 13 X 14 copies of "Horror Stars" for \$1.00 per copy.

VARRY VAN DUZER, 3 Vincent Ave., Staten Island, N.Y., wishes with others to restore Dark Shadows (even in re-run form). Also collects all kinds of S-Fantasy material.

STEVE TAYLOR, 4458 Peoples Ave., San Diego, Cal. 92107, is just in Space freak.

ROBERT JERGER, R.D. 1, Box 2456, Odessa, N.J. 07043, actively battles the "competition freaks" and that CoF is the greatest!!

ROBERT YAPPE, 8 Valentine Dr., Adirondack, N.Y. 13507, interested in all phases of S-Fantasy films, particularly sci-fi work on the island.

MIKE ALAPFERGER, 2118 E.S. Vermont, W.A.F.B. Meb. 48793, wants further info on Silent Running & Tremor from serious fans only.

JOHN DAWSON, 4 Tenebris Ave., Hattisford Co., Durham, England, wants even films at reasonable prices.



"Really, Larry, this is no time for one of your stage jokes."

... In Closing

In a quite snide mood for a moment, how many of you have recently done your part as good citizens and contributed a dollar or more to the VAF? It desperately needs your support, surely because the Vampire Anemia Foundation is suffering a on-odd shortage of blood plasma. We'll be keeping you abreast of this and other worthy organizations from time to time.

CoFreaks!—have any of you ever been kind enough to consider donating a buck or 50 to help me pay off the mortgage on my beautiful megalomaniac?

Really spewdy, though—you may just put out your names and addresses (even if you Gallery item is handwritten), otherwise only you are to blame for any mispals.

To reiterate (and even repeat): this dept is a free service. You, your friends—anyone—can take advantage of it. With the exception of pros, of course.

I note by the clock on the grandmaster clock that it's time for my five min. tea and crumpets. And, so, at the head bandage said to limp on as he swathed him the last time.

That about wraps up everything for now!

Yrs., etc. Vincent Van Gho!

YOU ASKED FOR ID!

For a very limited time only, one of the rarest S-Fantasy movie stills of all time: the one and only Monster from the Id of PDRHOLDEN ACHARYA film, One & X 10 story for \$1.50 (price includes postage and handling). Available from: Philip B. Monahan, P.O. Box 1426, Main Post Office, Boston, Massachusetts 02104.

base it, as we would say in SLAYBOY magazine, which never was published for obvious reasons. HENKHOUSE is another one never to see the light of day, alas.—CB

A final question: Have you any idea if and when Kuzniak's 2001 will come to tv? GARY YOUNG, 4860 Cynthia Dr., Evan, Ohio 44322.

—Answering your 2001 query: My God, I hope not! I saw it originally aimed at its intended, original and gorgeous upmarket Christmas genre, back only in '88. It was in the NYC's Capitol Theatre, a beautiful movie palace that was demolished and replaced by a decrepit but phony-looking skyscraper that now houses, I believe, two art theaters but quite ugly small movie theaters. About a week after, thanks to proach critical "opinions" (written by people with no investment in film-making outside of lapsed-up typewriters and a few reams of typing paper), Kubrick was literally bought by MGM to make a dumb cut of approximately 30 minutes. Although the huge Cinema, it was still beautiful on the huge Cinema screen. But, not so once it went into national release in ordinary theaters where it seemed to lose more than 50%—even in houses even equipped with the finest wide screens. Even under such a huge handicap, it was still a fantastic favorite all over the country, on college campuses, etc.—but a handicap nevertheless that cannot be overlooked. That, on TV, it's going to be a disaster—a terrible one, far worse than most "Scope movies" speculated for the small TV screen.—CB

Space is so tight this issue, we forced our usual Letters address heading, which is: Letters, c/o GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 3rd Ave., New York, NY 10017.

COMIC NUTS

Dear Cal:

I'm writing in the hope of saving comic book reviews. Please don't dump it—lengthen it, if anything. With practically nothing on the market these days, we follow SF comic cuts such as most of your comments in the letters section I was shocked by your statement that comics had up to 40% advertising, I set out to prove you wrong. The first two I grabbed up (Avenger 433, Power Man 37) had 36% cluttered by ads. Seriously, I know it was bad, but never really thought so bad. So, once again, you're right. I also noticed a number of them are up to 25%. Chap is all I can say.

The only thing I don't like in Cal is that there's too much on the snappy motif of today.

BILL OTTO, 216-B Langford, M.S.U., Bozeman, Mont., 59716.

—So, how about switching over to the crappier pages of the past? Better yet, how's about 10, or 20, or even 30 pages just on comedy every issue, 10 or 12 more on computer-related material, etc., and maybe only 3 or 10 about SF? If it possible there are those who're so totally into comic to the exclusion of even fiction I'd bet that the ads in the Marvels again, and it's more like 40%. I never considered the \$4.99 price more than an ad-prod. If it were personalized for each different title, that'd be different.—CB

NIGHT CHILDREN

for Cal Back

Wild scene
In the Castle of Frankenstein
Or some scared gaze
For our dark laugh,
What ghost's galler
Pick us out

And makes us lovers of night,
Who take our beauty
Perched with the winged
Of the face of a vampire?

Not black or violence
Brought back
From a vanished chamber
To our sad world,
But ritual love
For the endless
Intensity of life.

—Kris Berry

R. R. 3, Box 372 R, Thornville, Ohio 43086.

—We want to respect Mr. Berry's wish that certain very, very moving and endearing letters and notes, contained in his personal letter, be kept private, ... except to reveal that he dedicated the above "... for the house of enjoyment your suggestion has given me." Thanks.—CB

BAVA, FAVA AND DRAG

Dear Cal:

Very interesting that PSYCHO may have been filmed in color. Indeed, I think the film may work better in color—emphasizing Norman Bates' fantasy world and the Victorian appearance of the other characters.

Re: FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY. Part one of the film was really beautiful and great Romantic period, but Part II was mostly lame. The Dan Curtis (with Palencia) was a much better movie, so much more than just a routine vampire thriller. The documentary on the surreal condition is one of the Ten Best "horror" films ever made. I hope you'll see a symposium on it and get an interview with Curtis and Martin.

You continually praise (and rightly so) the film of Mario Bava in your review—see article. I wish you would do an extensive article on his work. It is too good that I have rarely got a decent script. Can you locate one he could have done with Ray Russell's SARDONICUS? DANIEL MASLOWSKI, 24 Lenox Ave., Newburgh, NY, 12556.

—Not only Bava but a number of other European filmmakers would be great for interview. Right now Cal could use a good European correspondent—our last one went for an interview in Carfax Abbey and it still is there... writing pulp fiction and pulp books. On an unrelated but highly nostalgic note: I wonder how it would've been interviewing the great D. W. Griffith? Someone should have done a bio-film about this great, colorful man long ago. Not too late to ask the great Griffith look-alike Fritz Weaver (a wonderful and understated actor) for the role.—CB

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

Dear Cal:

Cal is the best damn SF/fantasy book around! Among your best interviews so far have been on Hutterbusen and Doug (SILENT RUNNING), Tremblay. The pro-and-con reviews on BOYLEVILLE GREEN is a great and unique method of writing on films. Could you drop out continue the comics reviews. And why not let your voracious readers give their own opinion on comics, especially if you don't have time to handle it all the time.

The Marvels have been holding on pretty well with Conan, the art switch on Kull (now with Mike Ploegh and Thadger (Vicente Alcazar), though some of their newer issues have been a real stink with the exception of Batman and The Shadow. DC's really been in a slump.

Distribution in Philadelphia for Cal is tricky: it may not be your fault, but I hope there's something you can do. Many items in Germantown are going nutty like: and I: JOE BAILEY, 253 E. Haines St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

Dear Cal:

I thoroughly enjoy Cal. There is one big problem: I buy my copies from a book-store. They sell comic magazines, but with covers torn in half—it ruins the magazine. You have a great back-issue dept., but why not include subscriptions, too. It would be preferable getting it via the mail in fine shape. You had subscriptions a long time ago, and I realize it would take a lot of extra effort, running it again. But I'm certain it's better than what we run into discovering Cal is such a mutilated condition in so-called back number stores. Your loyal fan

RICH WEAVER, 3830 Petrican Drive, Philadelphia, Pa. 19154.

—The above letters set of answer each other. It's the that in a few other areas unfortunately, but Philly and vicinity is a particularly nice spot. What we'd like to know is, why all these years has a certain mysterious Mr. X demand readers a chance to find not only Cal and many other favorite magazines, but has found it expedient to let them "slay" straightly into back-number

shops in mutilated condition? We've said this, in one way or another, many times in Cal. Perhaps that we're now a Paper Circle, which will hurt or hurt out of business many magazines may change things. Perhaps some extremely tough Ecologist may have to make a vicious legal issue out of it and yell out, "Let's put an end to this monstrous waste!" Perhaps it'll require a Martin invasion, or as the wonderful Jimmy Cagney would've stated it, "What you dirty rats need is a knuckle sandwich!" Yep, no doubt of it—it'll be a worse case deep in spite of Cal! God has quite a few problems in the past, and why it should be one of the hardest jobs publishing ever twice a year. We hope it's now all in the past! Maybe...—CB

P.S.: CUSHING

Dear CB:

I'm happy you're finally doing something on Peter Cushing. Why do so many other mag. wait until a great man's demise before he is truly appreciated? Since 1956 Mr. Cushing has appeared in 163 films, yet he's hardly mentioned in any publication. There are at least two periodicals who have praised Cushing as always to the HPI, yet continually overlook a man whose last 10 years have proved great artistry in everything he's done. He's a great actor, a great performer, yet extremely over-rated. Vincent Price is a great actor but has turned to show his role and the scenery. In Cushing we have a man who takes his craft seriously, no matter how poor the film, he tries to the best of his capabilities to bring it off. More about this fine star and his films must be written in Cal, with detailed coverage on each Outing from ISLAND OF TERROR, I SAVED A LIFE, BRIDES OF DRACULA, and most of all, DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and THE SKULL. Of course, I thoroughly enjoyed your coverage on TALES FROM THE CRYPT and VAULT OF HORROR, and agree with most of what was discussed, though you did appear overly critical. I, too, am against the butchering and sensationalism on TV. Among the many mutilated (some with Cushing) are: Frankenstein, Must Be Destroyed, Dracula Has Risen from the Grave, Curse of the Werewolf, Blood of Dracula, Dracula Prince of Darkness, Trog, Five Million Miles to Earth, etc. They appeared monthly on ch. 2 (CBS). Not too long ago, I (PHIC) cut Cushing's death scene in NIGHT CREATURES. Only ch. 7 (ABC) has spared such grisly as Horror of Dracula, The Gorgon, Island of Terror, Curse of the Mummy's Tomb, The Fly and others. Why, even STAY TALK and THE PRISONER are out just to accommodate more commercials!

WARREN DUBROW, JR., 363 Highland Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07076.

—I understand thousands of letters from fans poured into CBS over the past year or so, citing them off for their appalling cuts. The CBS (and its outlets) seem to have been in the censorship land, but numerous independent outlets and NBC haven't been much better—censorship is rampant. CBS should be chronically slow "slay" against its own independent reviews of LUCY, BEWITCHED, THAT CORP., etc. Much to our amazement, though, Mr. PBS actually did seem completely correct when CBS network broadcast it recently. Even lovers seem to have had an impact at last! But the fight's hardly begun—and the only reason we have of maintaining any further barrow coverage against The Arts is to produce letter networks and the status is so profound concern and displeasure.—CB

Then, regrettably, just above terminates all our mutual information procedures for the nonce, follow appreciation. And that's so far out that it's way "in." In short, where the hell were you in '73?

There are more metaphysical and intellectual revolutionary plastic pieces from Vincent Van Gogh's domain in the COFANA-DICTS GALLERY, which follows immediately after station identification.

Make Love, not War, and... PEACE.

—Cal Beck—

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Here's unique memorabilia and nostalgia—film history data, beautifully reproduced rare photos, pressbook and lobby-card reproductions—all in handsome printed book form. Their contents would cost a small fortune if bought separately. (Since some of these items are already in short supply, it's wise not to wait. Forthcoming issues of CeF will not carry certain numbers or titles.)

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Large 8 1/2 x 11" book about the Master of the Macabre himself in over 100 photos and rare stills (arranged in chronological order); plus a biographical appreciation and complete filmography list.



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Same format, etc. as Karloff book above, with more than 100 dynamic photos (most of them very rare!) of the screen's greatest swashbuckler-hero (plus a filmography, checklist, etc.).

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FRANKENSTEIN CHAMBER OF HORRORS



Professional-type address must, but exactly like the mailing format convention. The printing image of *Journal of the American Medical Association* (Special: 12 12 12) (the 12s for postage and handling)



Not only do these shiny plastic
marks give you that "look-at-these,"
they also glow in the dark, really
glow by night and day! In fact,
after you've the best of the
town in that'll all sing to you.
"Wanna Go the Memory?" No, give
the for everyone and families.



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Light: This beetle goes underground more often than a gliding wire test is long, wraps around you, and can be used to handle flies, flies, flies, etc., or as a terrestrial flycatcher when you're releasing. It's a fly for you, not a fly for you, and handles.



From it on in the husband. It will stick — it's molting, too. Drive islands and relations more. Tell your wife drive you need "special" phones and drive him more. Drive everybody more! . . . Say only this, who this his beautiful woman.



\$1.25 (plus \$5.00 fee
handling and postage)



Money doesn't make someone just like Count Dracula want to suck! (Reassured?) Oh, by the way, Count Dracula's Clings to wall or window, so you be careful to your pocket and doors at night moment. The, give the his savings and location.



CRAZY DANGER

Look! The 3's gone through your stuff! Amazing, because not a prototype Shoen nonfiction. Could have been sold & made a lot of prototype at Microsoft given by the Jordan, Paul, Zambelli and Coast Haggards. Why, give 11% for each one and another.



Remember Ray Milland in *X-RAY* MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES? Now you can see through fingers, skin—laid in pencil! Women named Louie for passed his absolutely! No industrial! Permanent! Good! \$2, plus 23¢ for postage and handling. Or send \$2 for deluxe model.



Essentially plastic men to give us a properly pronounced appearance. They to study and remove. Because your local Chapter leader of the Year of the Month Club, look for a full-fledged Heidelberg student. He, give the bar postage as handling.



Hardly noticed back as if you bumped into Jack the Ripper. Look as if Jack the Ripper bumped into you. Look as if . . . well, you get the idea. It's pretty ghastly, all right! The cork, plus the two post-ers and handles.



This shrike-looking hawk has entirely grey under parts. Superb. The rufous tip on the crown can be mysteriously split by the eye and stripes by numerous legs. By the way, this is the most upland rufous-headed by the Black Widow and Ruby Acreth side beauty. The place has to be a mixture of both.



17
Fascinatingly gruesome
story of the South American
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your wall, with a single
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HAASB

Abstract

CITY

Date _____ Page _____

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16

Further for playing the Hard Doctor, this Vegas doctor needs to try and official looking. Pile all simulated blood, suction up! \$1.25, plus 10¢ for postage.

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Here's an unequalled opportunity to own for the first time rare SFantasy-Horror FEATURE FILMS—not little one-reel cuttings or "samples" sold by other companies (running from 8 to 10 minutes) but full length features as they were originally meant to be shown theatrically. All come in single 200 feet reels (some come in 400 foot length, or two 200 ft. reels on one reel). And all are in standard 8 mm.



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1923 — 7 full reels — \$67.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
 Yes, it's him in its entirety. The 48 1/2-reel feature-length edition of this immortal horror film classic. Made over 45 years ago, the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA has never been duplicated for sheer originality, thrills and mood, despite two other subsequent versions. Now, learn about the dread creature that hung over the Opera House... SEE the horrors of the complex man lying underground in Calais... An Underground Loner... the stylized Canal... The Lair of the Phantom... And, horror of horrors: the Phantom's diabolical secret! A scene that evokes all manner of fears and shudders as it has done for generations. The original, one and only PHANTOM played by the amazing and immortal Lon Chaney Sr. in his greatest role.



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 Fritz Lang's classic, which took more than two years to make, is universally acclaimed as one of The Greatest Films ever made, perhaps approached only by THINGS TO COME and THINGS TO COME for sheer visual power and camerawork. There's never been another film like this Lang classic—perhaps there may never again be one like it. SEE the slave-lab workers in their terrible Underground City... Forewarned, archetype of all mad scientists, creating a robot-android in a sequence to put down ALL "creation of life" sources! SEE some of the most tremendous special and visual effects ever devised. An SFantasy Classic!

Lon Chaney Sr. in:

THE SHOCK

1923 — 6 full reels — \$66.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
 A collector's item. The earliest Chaney classic available in 8mm. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on in 1936 to direct the memorable THE INVINCIBLE MAN with Karloff and Lugosi) and DRACULA'S DAUGHTER, it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-way peak of his dramatic fame.

Boris Karloff in:

THE BELLS

1926 — 7 full reels — \$66.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
 A great filmic trip for all macabre fans, especially for Karloff-fans, co-starring film greats like Lionel Barrymore and Gustav von Seyffertitz. Largely inspired and heavily influenced by COLLEARI. In this earliest of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his famous role of the future, stealing all scenes in the type of weird role that would define his career. As the strange Alexander, who is first found in an odd traveling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

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1927 — 7 full reels — \$65.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
 The original and definitive House of Horrors movie. Directed by Paul Leni, with Laura LaPlante as the girl in distress, Fabulous sets, mood and grand "kasey" atmosphere, with more thrills, shadows creeping about at night or behind velvet panels and down dark corridors than ever shown on the screen before or since then. An orgy of haunts and thrills.



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 John Barrymore took the time between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformation sequences scale the heights of the macabre. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 8 full reels — \$74.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
 Long considered a "lost" SFantasy classic, it wound audiences when firstly rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its exquisite use of special effects, camera work and quality remain as examples of the most imaginative use of film making. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's fabulous tale.

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 A great spectacular grinning time nearly 3 hours at normal (fast speed) starring the legendary Douglas Fairbanks in his heroic hey-day, with Anna May Wong, Sigmund and a cast of thousands. Said by film authorities to put to shame the 1940 Sabu version. An Arabian Nights dream of magnificent adventures, spectacles and wondrous special effects. The definitive Fairbanks adventure and greatest of all his films.

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